

The Nation

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The Week

A question of good taste always arises when men formerly in high office speak of their successors. Both ex-President Taft and ex-Attorney-General Wickersham have several times taken occasion to refer to the work of the Wilson Administration. Mr. Taft has done it in a handsome way. He has spoken of the President's "admirable leadership"; and the other night expressed generously his gratification at the ratification by the Senate of the arbitration treaties—a result which he himself had vainly tried to procure. Mr. Wickersham has no doubt sought to appear equally considerate and even gracious in dwelling upon the methods and plans of the new Administration, but we suppose it is the nature of the special topic to which he has addressed himself to make him a little rasping in manner. It seems impossible for the holder of one theory of controlling monopoly to speak of another without saying something nagging. We do not say that Mr. Wickersham is not right to free his mind about the proposed Trust bills. A part of what he has said has been marked by excellent sense. But for him to keep on saying it, and always in the guise of a former Attorney-General, will expose him, we think, to the charge of displaying *trop de zèle*.

That far-off battle-cry of "Let the people rule" will be remembered with a sense of oddity by those who catch the accents of the controversy now agitating Pennsylvania Progressivism. In the holy war against Penrose and the Democrats there has already come a revolt against the method by which a select group met last week at Harrisburg and entrusted the party banners to a slate of three: Gifford Pinchot for United States Senator, W. D. Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, for Governor, and Percy Smith, of Pittsburgh, for Lieutenant-Governor. Progressives of the Philadelphia County Committee, who have never before thought of "boss-rule" except in connection with the old parties, apply it unreservedly to the

fifty men who "fixed the ticket" at the State capital. Some inkling of the Progressive dilemma may be gathered from the defence of the fifty through Robert C. Blair's statement in the *Public Ledger*. Had the slate not been privately arranged, the voters would have disregarded the strategic requirements of geographical distribution of candidates, and there would have been loud outcry from slighted districts that Flinn had dominated the situation.

Most of the seventeen Republican Senators whose terms expire on March 4 of next year were elected before either of two important events had occurred: the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment and the formation of the Progressive party. Perhaps Mr. Smoot, of Utah, has nothing to fear from the former, but there is bad news affecting him in connection with the new party. A combination of Democrats and Progressives, it is reported, has been made against him, and a candidate agreed upon. This candidate, Mr. J. H. Moyle, has twice been the Democratic candidate for Governor; and, although a Wilson man, is agreeable to the Progressive leaders. Such a rumor a year ago would have been regarded as the work of an enemy of the Progressive party, but recent happenings make it sound plausible. Despite the Colonel's denunciations of "deals," in his absence his followers are learning how to make them, as they clearly showed the other day at Albany in electing a Progressive for State Treasurer. The spectacle of Progressive leaders meeting to designate a candidate, as if there were no such thing as primaries, is not new. How serious the alliance may be for Senator Smoot may be judged by the fact that, while Taft carried the State in 1912, his 42,000 votes fell about 20,000 votes below the combined vote for Wilson and Roosevelt.

Attention is called by the American Publishers' Copyright League to a recent customs ruling, affecting the importation of books, which seems to be amazingly stupid even in a realm where the gods have so often fought in vain with *Dummheit*. The case is one of a special and limited class of books. They are the scholarly works, the art mono-

graphs, the volumes of research, for which there is, in the nature of the case, but a small market. When published in England, there is no motive for taking out copyright or printing them here, since it would not pay. But the practice has long been for American publishers to agree with an English house to take over half the cost of production of an edition of, say, 2,000 copies, and import their share, basing their invoices on the actual cost to them. The result has been to make both the publication and sale of such books possible, and to place them within reach of the American purchaser at a price lower than he would otherwise be compelled to pay. But now along comes a Treasury instruction to break up this old practice, ordering, as it does, that these books shall be valued at their market price in England. Not what the importer actually paid for them under his special and useful arrangement, but what he would have paid if he had bought a dozen copies in London, is made by this owlish ruling the basis on which duties must be reckoned.

Of that indispensable artistic process, the "warming-up" to a piece of work, there are no exponents like our State Legislatures. The Virginia Assembly, which, according to the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, has just "awakened with a start" to the fact that only a fortnight of its sixty days is left for its full programme of work, is the latest to assert this preliminary necessity of hitting on just the right mood. "Of eleven important bills of a general nature," we read, "the Legislature has passed only two." Among those on which decision is earnestly looked for are a primary bill, a direct-tax reduction bill, a game bill, an initiative and referendum bill, and a workmen's compensation bill. The imperative appropriation bill was not even on the calendar. In pledge of making an end of this dawdling, it is hopeful to note the announcement of meetings of the committees of rules, to devise swifter procedure. This habit of waiting for the pressure of the last moment to force action is so widespread, and Legislatures learn so little from one another or from their predecessors in the matter, that it is strange that none of

our experiment-station States has reduced the length of session below the present minimum of forty days. Something like Dr. Johnson's severe rebuke to those who await inspiration is needed, that even legislative work can always be attended to if men will but "set themselves resolutely to it."

Another Governor has dared to do something unprecedented, and this time it is the Governor of Massachusetts. Instead of sending a message to the Legislature, Gov. Walsh appeared in person before the Committee on Constitutional Amendments to urge the initiative and referendum. Yet he was careful to explain that he means to employ this method of getting his ideas before the legislators sparingly. Gov. Foss used special messages, but the difference in the attitude of Executives on this point is shown by the refusal of Gov. Draper upon one occasion even to send a message, upon the ground that it would be interference with the Legislature. The action of Gov. Walsh is mild in comparison with that of Gov. Wilson during the first legislative session of his term. Nugent had arranged a coalition with the Republicans to beat the Geran bill for popular primaries, and, not content with that, undertook to persuade the Democrats in the lower house to repudiate the Governor's programme. The first step was to be a conference on the Geran bill. Wilson, of course, heard of the conference, and politely asked to be invited. It would have been so much more awkward to refuse than to comply that the invitation was issued. The rest is history. After four and a half hours, of which the Governor was on his feet for three, the conference, called to repudiate the bill, made it a party measure.

The Springfield *Republican* draws attention to the fact that one of the late Senator Teller's historical distinctions was his drafting of the resolution embodying a self-denying ordinance which was adopted by Congress on the eve of the war with Spain. "While it did not prevent the acquisition of the Philippines," says the *Republican*, "it did force the establishment of the present Cuban Republic, much to the disgust of many patriots who believed Cuban annexation to be the logical outcome of the hostilities with Spain." Our contem-

porary might have made the claim of the Teller resolution even stronger. For not only the establishment of the Cuban Republic, but even more distinctly its preservation, is to be put to the credit of that declaration. The supporters of the Teller resolution insisted on its being made an integral part of the resolutions adopted by Congress in response to President McKinley's message, which were virtually our declaration of war. By it the United States not only disclaimed "any disposition or intention" to gain possession of Cuba, but expressly promised "to leave the government and control of the island to its people." Even so, there was widespread expectation that, at the first sign of trouble in Cuba under a native government, the island would drop into our lap.

All this is worth recalling, not only for its interest in relation to Senator Teller and to Cuba, but as an illustration of the potent influence upon national history which may be wielded by the bare assertion of a principle. It was not merely as a form of words, or a salve to his own conscience, that Teller was so determined to have this pledge inserted in the war resolutions; he and those who supported him felt that it would be a real safeguard against "criminal aggression," and the result proved them to be right. It was the absence of so definite a safeguard concerning the Philippines that made possible McKinley's drifting into the policy of "benevolent assimilation"; and it was the defeat, only by the casting vote of the Vice-President, of Senator Bacon's resolution relating to the treaty of peace with Spain, that prevented this protection from being thrown over the people of those islands. A most remarkable instance of the efficacy of an assertion of principle, in a wholly different domain of statesmanship, is the declaration in the Sherman silver-purchase act of 1890, that it is "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law." This protection from the danger—which soon turned out to be so real and so imminent—of a sliding away from the gold to the silver standard was brought about, not as in the case of the Teller resolution, by a stout champion of principle, but by a master of the art of compro-

mise; yet it proved of invaluable service to the country.

Socialists who emphasize the worldwide solidarity of their party should be happy to call attention to a French definition of their cause. What is Socialism? asks the *Parti Ouvrier*. "Nowadays, it is a profession carried on by keen young men of the bourgeois class, who perceive that the surest way of making a success is to play upon the demagogic spirit of the masses." This sarcastic criticism springs, of course, out of politico-social conditions peculiar to France, but the situation it calls up would not amaze our West, where the copper miners forbade Victor Berger to testify before the Congressional Committee. The *Parti Ouvrier's* further protests against the Parliamentary bargainings of elected Socialists for political power and personal profit all seem to get down to a fundamental suspicion: are these men true red, or simply disguised exploiters of the workingmen? And there is, as another paper remarks, a triumphant banality about its proposition that "no sooner does the party attain certain possibilities than it becomes a vast syndicate of electoral appetites."

To the figures by races of New York city's population in 1910, the Census Bureau adds an analysis of the mother tongues of the foreign-born whites and their children. English rather surprisingly holds its own against German and Yiddish. Nearly one million of our foreign stock, 21 per cent. of the whole population, were born of English-speaking parents; 861,980 of Yiddish or Hebrew, and 841,889 of German. This virtual equality among the three tongues is maintained with considerable uniformity throughout the boroughs; in Brooklyn and Richmond English led; in the Bronx and Queens, German, and in Manhattan, Yiddish. But nowhere was English worse than second. In Manhattan, where Yiddish claimed 533,444 of the foreign-born, or of the first native generation, English was the mother tongue of 469,626, while German fell to 337,403. In the whole city, 549,444 reported Italian as their mother tongue, and 116,161 Polish, with others bringing up the rear. In comparison with the country at large, it is, of course, Yiddish which looms up; and when we consider from how many sources English-speaking and German-

speaking immigrants are drawn, its total of 19 per cent. of the city's entire population is impressive.

LELAND, Miss., February 24.—Sam Petty, a negro, accused of having killed a Deputy Sheriff, Charles W. Kirkland, was shot by a mob of 300 men to-night, and his body burned.

Petty, wanted on a trivial charge, killed Kirkland with a shotgun when the officer entered a cabin late to-day, in which the negro had taken refuge. Petty was captured by a posse, bound, and placed in an oil-soaked dry-goods box, and the match applied. A moment later the man, his clothing aflame, broke from his fastenings and started to run, but before he could gain headway was shot dead.

The body was put back in the box, fresh inflammables were piled about it, and within half an hour it was burned to ashes.

No comment could add to the revolting horror of such a story. We do not wish to discuss it in any way. But we should like to ask our Southern contemporaries, in all sincerity and candor, two questions. Can they name any other civilized, or even semi-civilized, country in which such fiendish savagery is practiced? And if they cannot, how do they feel about the distinction which, through the supineness of the authorities and of public opinion in their section of the country, is thus conferred upon the United States of America?

Resignations in advance, for the purpose of giving the appointing officer a power of removal, not expressly conferred, have been declared void by an Illinois court. The case has a national interest, since it arose out of the fight against Mrs. Young, Chicago Superintendent of Schools. The Mayor has the power of appointing the school trustees, but not of removing them. It has been the custom, however, for such appointees to give him power of removal by placing in his hands formal letters of resignation upon taking office. It was this weapon that enabled Mayor Harrison to get rid of enough of Mrs. Young's opponents among the trustees to prevent her non-election for another term from being final. Mayor Harrison was so thoroughly convinced of the viciousness of the practice that he had already declared he would never resort to it again; but it is well to have this attitude made compulsory. Not the least significant aspect of the decision is that, in making it, the court looked beyond the tech-

nicalities to the intent of the law. The decision will probably not affect Mrs. Young's position, as the case will hardly reach the highest court before the expiration of the term of the ousted trustees.

An investigation of one public school in Manhattan shows that the pupils study at home, on the average, nearly three hours a day. Yet the subject is not for the pedagogical expert to dismiss with a dogmatic word. Two months ago, in Chicago, Mrs. Young undertook to eliminate study after hours from the programme of school children. But speedy protest came from the mothers. They were friendly not only to application, but to a scheme which, as one put it, "lets us know that our children are not on the street at night." It is scarcely a part of the school's responsibility that home conditions make it dangerous to free children from task-work after hours; or that home conditions often make such study painful or profitless. But any aspect of the question emphasizes the necessity of striving towards some form of coöperation between home and school in the matter.

In a recent competition to fill two vacancies in the Department of Languages at the Naval Academy, not one college graduate applied, although the universities were solicited for candidates. Accordingly, neither of the men chosen was a college graduate. This incident is interpreted as having a direct relation to the salaries paid and to the tenure of office. The Superintendent of the Academy is credited with the remark that civilian instructors should not be retained more than three or four years. What this policy would mean for the training of the midshipmen it is unnecessary to state. The attempt to get rid of civilian instructors altogether is still fresh in the minds of those interested in the Academy. As a remedy for one feature of the situation, a bill has been introduced in Congress systematizing the promotion of civilian instructors and increasing their pay. The total increase provided for the twenty-seven civilian instructors is about \$6,000 a year, or the amount that is spent every year by the Pacific fleet in firing salutes. As the salaries named in the bill are \$3,000 for professors, \$2,500 for associate professors, and \$2,000 for instructors, the

measure appears to be anything but extravagant.

If what Nietzsche called our constant revaluation of social values is to go so far as revision of the feminine estimate of fashion, the State is the obvious agency to set it on foot. Yet there is a breath-taking quality about the crusade which the University of Wisconsin is leading against "the delusion of new hats." We are informed that Miss C. Schmit, the State University's expert, is training 500 women in an art which she says will make them rivals of Paris; and the Milwaukee *Sentinel* reports that the formation of societies to speed the movement is growing apace. Opposition of male taxpayers, outside of importing circles, is scarcely expected. The only reason for distrust of the programme is the very democratic clear-headedness of the enterprise. Fashion, in all its vagaries, has its excuse for being in the precise qualities that Wisconsin would take out of it. But if the University succeeds in this newest "extension" it will overtop all its sisters.

It is given to very few men to hold a double claim on immortality. Such was the happy fate of Sir John Tenniel. He will be remembered by one audience as the artist who drew Britannia at the bier of Lincoln, and by a larger audience as the pictorial creator of Alice, the White Rabbit, and the Mad Hatter. In his work for *Punch*, humor was not his strongest trait, though it was by no means a quality he lacked. His political satire was of a broad sweep, and his best-known work was hardly satire at all, but, as in the case of the famous cartoons we have mentioned, a penetrating comment, delivered with dignity and emotion. Nevertheless, on the technical side there is a strong resemblance between the actual kings and ministers whom he drew for *Punch* and the much more interesting potentates, duchesses, and politicians to whom he gave such startling reality in the pages of Lewis Carroll. In both fields there was the same solid draughtsmanship, the gift of creating figures in the round, endowed with a fine sense of dignity and self-possession. Difficult as it is to imagine what *Punch* might have been without him, it is still harder to think of the Cheshire Cat as emanating from any other pencil than Tenniel's.

THE WILSON TOUCH.

We know, by long tradition, of "the Nelson touch"—that indefinable stamp of personality and of genius which the great Admiral used to put upon a plan of battle. The thing is as fascinating to study in politics as it is in war. What a lift and refreshing it is to those whose business compels them to follow public affairs, when a statesman arrives who breaks the old conventional moulds, and invents and displays new methods all instinct with his own individuality! This is what President Wilson has been doing for the past twelve months. Tuesday marked the end of his first year in office. During that period, it may safely be said that American politics has been more interesting—we do not say more exciting—than for a generation.

It is one of those cases in which the way of doing things is, in a sense, more important than the things done. For once you know the method, you can infer future results. And it is President Wilson's method which has impressed all observers, even more than his extraordinary record of achievement. Upon the latter, it is not necessary to dwell at length. The facts are known to all. Even the President's opponents agree that the *res gestæ* of his first year out-bulk the record of the ordinary Administration's four years. We need only consider the bills actually passed.

What, then, has been his secret? Where are the hidings of his power? It is impossible to put one's finger precisely upon the pulse of the machine. But we can note how it operates. We can observe the method, even if we cannot nicely measure the dynamic thrust behind it. And it is evident that the first element in the Wilson touch is a perfectly clear and definite idea of what is wanted. Ex-President Taft remarks this in his recent generous appreciation of Wilson. He declares that the President knows perfectly what he desires before he goes to Congress to get it. And, of course, this intellectual grasp of his subject persists in all his personal discussions with Congressmen. He can out-argue them because he has out-thought them. The vague men go down inevitably before the definite man. It was Mirabeau, we believe, who predicted the rise of a French politician at the time of the Revolution, saying of him: "Look out for that man. He knows just

what he wants, and he means precisely what he says."

In the process of execution, Mr. Wilson has shown how to be effective without being noisy, how to bring about what amounts to a revolution with the quiet air of a man taking a stroll in the country. He has displayed an audacity fitted to take one's breath away, yet he has done it with smiling ease and unconcern. No thunderings in the index have preceded it, no loud echoes of the storm have followed. The impression is that he has simply been doing the most natural thing in the world. Such was the air which he threw about his first going to Congress to read his message in person. He almost made it appear like a dropping in to afternoon tea! Why should he remain upon his "isolated island of jealous power," the White House, when by going to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue he could have a pleasant neighborly time with his "colleagues" in Congress? In the face of such an attitude, talk of "usurpation," or of tyrannical domination by an overbearing Executive, falls flat. It is impossible to erect a man chatting by the fire into a man on horseback.

All this looks easy, as Wilson has done it, but let anybody else try it! Any work of perfect skill looks easy to those who do not know what tense effort lies behind it. And President Wilson has not spared labor. His method is one thing; the energy he has put into it is another. Such inspiring and drive as have come from the White House since March 4, 1913, take it out of a man. But the President has prudently conserved his strength. He has not stretched himself thin over the whole country. Only two set speeches, if we remember aright, has he made in public during the past year. If other Presidents have made themselves cheap by going everywhere, Wilson has consulted both his work in hand and the dignity of his office by staying in Washington. If others have talked on every conceivable subject, he has held his verbal fire until the time came when he could make it telling. The net impression he has made is that of a strong man following a course which he had carefully marked out for himself in advance; his time not his own, but for public business; relaxation only for health and not for the delectation of busybodies and cronies; with the constant application of a will that has a

spring like fine steel to the dispatch of great affairs.

We are told that we must make allowance for Wilson's "luck." Circumstances were so uncommonly favorable to him. Very well; imagine him dying a week after inauguration and Marshall dealing with the same circumstances! It is useless to try to get away from native power and political genius. They work their will with ease where others would fail miserably. It is doubtless true that President Wilson will have to face a certain reaction. His prestige will not always seem so undimmed as now, his authority so great. But come what may, he has already revealed to his countrymen a public character in whom they will delight, if they agree with Emerson that nothing is more inspiring than to note the facility with which a man of native force will move among ancient conventions.

WAR BY ANY OTHER NAME.

Nobody desires war with Mexico, but no end of people want to do something or other that would be war, yet that they would call by some other name. Such legal and moral confusion has many times arisen. It is at the bottom of the attempt to make out the possibility of such a thing as a "pacific blockade." This is, in reality, very much the same as saying a loving crack over the head, or a friendly shooting. So, to-day, in our Mexican trouble, certain persons would invent smooth-sounding names for rough things. They would not begin hostilities against Mexico, oh, no! They would merely send a polite military expedition into Mexican territory. They would have 1,000 American marines set out for Mexico City with every protestation of friendship. The Governor of Texas would dispatch a force of rangers across the Rio Grande to bring back the body of an American citizen who had been hanged on Mexican soil, and incidentally, we presume, to teach the Mexicans to know their place. That this would be warlike, does not seem to occur to Gov. Colquitt.

This drawing back from the blunt naming of acts in accordance with their harsh reality is perhaps creditable to the hearts of those who do it. They do not like to think of war outright. The humane sentiment of their age is strong upon them. A battle-field would be as

ghastly a sight to them as to any of us; and so they resort to all kinds of phrases and masked descriptions implying that they do not intend to march the country into a bloody war. But however amiable may be this shrinking from so much as speaking of horrid brutalities, it does not argue well for the reasoning powers of those who display it. We may say a good word for their hearts, but we cannot retain much respect for their heads. For there is no use in trying to escape the hard facts, or in seeking to sprinkle rose-water over human shambles. Gen. Sherman's definition cannot be amended so as to read that war is—a place we do not like to mention. And if the nature of war is what we know it, acts of war are acts of war, no matter what we fastidiously call them.

It is in this form, unpleasant but unescapable, that the problem forces itself upon President Wilson. Others may talk loosely; he cannot. Impulsive gentlemen in Congress or out of it may propose fantastic schemes to settle Mexico's hash, all of them implying armed coercion, though all of them are described as not at all tantamount to war, but the President has to look at things as they are. For him international law still exists, even if others ignore it. The rights of nations are realities to a man who is acutely aware that he is dealing with them, and that they are sensitive and may become explosive. Now, all this is, we do not question, the reason why Mr. Wilson took occasion last Thursday to let the newspaper correspondents know that he is inflexibly opposed to all these warlike measures. He, as President and as Commander-in-Chief, must sharply discriminate between what can be done by diplomatic representations, couched in urgent language though these may and ought to be, and what may have to be done by arms. The two cannot be mixed up. Bayonets remain bayonets even when festooned with flowers.

In this attitude President Wilson is clearly right. His Mexican policy, as a whole, and up to the present, cannot be called a success in the sense that it has achieved the result desired. That any other peaceful policy than the one he has pursued, however, would have worked any better, it would be impossible to prove. But Mr. Wilson's course with Mexico has at least been highly suc-

cessful thus far in one important respect. It has avoided war. It has tended to calm and not to infuriate the American people. It has brought the country into close and good relations with European Powers, and paved the way for a perfect understanding as to the ultimate steps to be taken, when the time comes to take them. And accordingly the President is wholly correct in refusing to countenance proposals which would infallibly mean that we should blunder into war. If war must come, as a last dread resort, it is for our Government to face it with open eyes. It is not a thing to be tricked into. We should be guilty of incredible folly if we were to make experiment of some of the disguised war-measures put forward by happy-thought statesmen and haphazard newspapers, thinking that they might safely be toyed with, and then find that they plunged us into a woful and desolating struggle.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

A National Conference on Unemployment, holding its session in New York in the depth of winter, would in any year attract the interest of all who are concerned in the problem of bettering the condition of the laboring masses. This winter, the extent of unemployment, though by no means so great as it is sometimes represented, is more than usual, and the usual amount is bad enough.

That the situation has been exploited, here in New York, by the I. W. W., for the promotion of turbulent discontent and the stimulation of revolutionary ideas, need not concern us greatly. The artificial character of the demonstrations at the churches has been manifest from the start, and, thus far at least, the attempts of the I. W. W. agitators to make a commotion have fallen extremely flat. Commissioner of Charities Kingsbury states that the city has not turned away a single man who has applied at the Municipal Lodging House this winter; and though in the early part of January there was dreadful crowding, arrangements were soon made to give the overflow from the Lodging House comfortable quarters on the recreation pier, which was enclosed and provided with cots and a kitchen. To give them decent lodging and food in this way, and moreover to adopt such measures as the

city is pursuing to get a moderate amount of work out of the men, so far as possible, in return for what they receive, is far better than to throw churches open, where neither the accommodations nor the oversight can be as satisfactory as in the shelters provided by the city and managed by its officials.

But refusal to be hysterical over a situation which is not novel, or in any high degree abnormal, does not imply indifference to the large question to which it is related. On the contrary, the closer they are to the normal, the more do the sufferings and losses of the unemployed impress the importance of the general problem with which the Conference on Unemployment was concerned. Our country has been backward in relation to this problem, as it has in relation to other problems of industrial betterment; but it may be expected that from now on the subject will receive the attention it deserves. The three main lines of improvement suggested are the establishment of public labor exchanges, the diminution of seasonal unemployment through more provident and considerate organization of production, and the introduction of insurance against unemployment. The last of these presents great difficulties and dangers, and cannot be safely undertaken except after the most careful inquiry and with the most maturely thought-out precautions. The second, though it may possibly be promoted by governmental measures, presents itself primarily as a matter to be looked after by able and large-minded employers of labor. But the first—the establishment of labor exchanges—presents no inherent difficulty. Moreover, it has behind it a large amount of successful experience in several European countries, and has been tried and found useful in some of our own States.

On this subject, a committee appointed some months ago by the trustees of the City Club of New York recently made a report, in which, after a succinct survey of the facts, it recommended the establishment of a State Bureau of Employment, and made a tentative draft of a bill for that purpose, preparing also a tentative budget of expenses for this bureau, based on the experience of Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin. An annual expenditure of \$75,000 is set down as the minimum required to make the work effective. We believe that any

one who gives attention to the subject will be convinced that the expenditure of a much larger sum than this would be justified provided that the bureau was soundly conducted. Whether we consider the general economic interests of the community, or the diminution of the charges on the State from pauperism and invalidism, the undertaking appears to be entirely legitimate.

The resolutions adopted by the Conference at its meeting on Saturday recommend the establishment in the Federal Department of Labor of "a Bureau of Distribution, with power to establish employment exchanges throughout the country to supplement the work now done by State and municipal bureaus, to act as a clearing house of information and further the distribution of labor throughout the country." They also urge upon the Legislatures of the various States "the establishment or reconstruction of free State employment agencies," and lay down the principles to which these should conform. The leading place, we observe, is given to the principle "that appointments and tenure of office be governed by the merit system and be placed beyond control of political parties." How much of the backwardness of our country in the difficult problems of the modern industrial régime may be due to that instinctive fear of "politics" which has been the inevitable fruit of the spoils system! Among the workers for all good causes involving governmental action, that fear is a constant subject of solicitude and uneasiness; and they are unanimous in the conviction that upon the exclusion of politics and of the spoils idea the success of any such scheme as that of the proposed labor exchanges is vitally dependent.

THE ULSTER DIFFICULTY.

Full reports of the speeches in the House of Commons on Irish Home Rule at the opening of Parliament do not make the crisis appear less threatening, but they do help to clear up some of its aspects. The Prime Minister and the Attorney-General, speaking for the Government, held throughout a conciliatory tone, expressing a willingness and even eagerness to arrive at some honorable adjustment of the Ulster difficulty, but they also insisted that no proposal had been put before them which could

be entertained, and, indeed, strongly argued that the Unionists had no solution at all to offer. Was it a general election? But if one were held, and the Liberals won again, Ulster would no more submit to an Irish Parliament than she will now. Her attitude is simply that she will not have Irish Home Rule under any conditions, this year or at any time in the future. If a province can thus interpose an absolute veto upon Parliament, orderly government by Parliament is obviously at an end. If the Conservatives came into power, Connaught could with as much right set the Government at defiance.

Mr. Asquith's speech was very calm but of great power. He showed again his ability to put into half an hour what others would consume two hours in saying with less force. On one point, he was completely destructive of the Unionist position. This is that the Home Rule bill was sprung upon the country without notice, that it was never passed upon by the electors, and that no one ever supposed that the Parliament Act would be taken advantage of to make it law without the consent of the Lords. But Mr. Asquith adduced some new evidence on that subject with deadly effect. He recalled the fact that when the Parliament Act itself was pending in 1910, the Unionists protested that it would lead straight to Home Rule for Ireland. With that in mind, they moved an amendment to exclude from its scope "all bills for the delegation of administrative or legislative powers to subordinate Parliaments." In support of this the entire Unionist strength in the House of Commons was rallied, Sir Edward Carson himself declaring that then and there was the only chance to defeat Home Rule. But the amendment was voted down, 351 to 245, and in the general election which followed in December, the Liberal party was returned to power with the distinct understanding that the Parliament Act would be made use of to carry Home Rule within three years. With what face can it now be said that the whole thing was forced without warning upon an unsuspecting Parliament and electorate? What is really aimed at, as Mr. Asquith asserted, is the tearing up of the entire Parliament Act. The leader of the Conservatives, Mr. Bonar Law, has, it is true, stated that the Conservatives would not seek to repeal that act, if they gained power, but

they are plainly endeavoring to nullify it now.

Much was said in the debate about the possibility of Home Rule with Ulster excluded. The Prime Minister, having declared that the Government would shut no door upon hope of compromise, professed himself ready to consider even that alternative if it could be presented in a workable form; but no one on the Unionist side was willing to go into details. Sir Edward Carson's position is, frankly, that he favors the exclusion of Ulster simply because it would wreck the entire Home Rule bill. His words are: "The Government says that if Ulster is left out, Home Rule will be impossible. I agree. Therefore I will vote to leave it out." This is what the Unionist solution by exclusion comes down to.

When it comes to the details of excluding Ulster, difficulties thicken. Mr. Redmond pointed them out. What was meant by Ulster? It was a province of nine counties, sending to Parliament 17 Home Rulers and 16 anti-Home Rulers.

Of the nine counties, five contained large Catholic and Nationalist majorities. It was a province in which, taken as a whole, Catholics were not very far short of half the population. If there was excluded the city of Belfast, there was a Catholic and a Nationalist majority for the whole province. Any one who came to argue the question would find it difficult to argue in favor of the exclusion of the whole of Ulster. Presumably what was meant by the right honorable gentlemen were the four counties of northeast Ulster. There was a Home Rule member in the House for each one of those four counties. In the County of Down the percentage of Catholics was 31.6, in Antrim 20.3, in Armagh 45.3, in Derry 41.1, in Derry City 56.2, and in Belfast 24.1.

Mr. Redmond affirmed with reason that to talk of settling the great question of Irish Home Rule by excluding the four Protestant counties was ridiculous. He added that he knew of no man or no party in Ireland—no spokesman for Ulster—that approved of any such suggestion as a basis for the settlement of the Irish question. It is brought up chiefly to darken counsel and make trouble.

This fact, however, does not disguise the real and grave problem which Mr. Asquith has to try to solve. He is apparently trusting to time and conciliatory words and further "conversations" between the Government and the leaders of the Opposition. By means of such conferences more than one political crisis in England has been surmounted.

It was, for example, through a "conversation" between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury that the acute controversy over the extension of the suffrage in the eighties was appeased. Something of the sort may be compassed within the next few weeks. Meanwhile, Mr. Asquith refuses to be rushed. He will not make his own proposals until he is fully ready. They will unquestionably be of a kind to afford the inhabitants of Ulster every reasonable guarantee. If these are rejected, then it is plain that the Government will press forward, confident in the appeal which can be made to the law-abiding sense of the British people and to the considerate judgment of mankind.

OUR INERTIA IN FIRE PREVENTION.

"As far as can be learned, the fire originated in the cellar, and it is said to have been caused by an overheated furnace." This statement was made in reference to the fire which swiftly and completely destroyed Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's large and beautiful new country house on Long Island a week or so ago. Since that time, a fire, likewise originating in the basement, and at or near the furnace, has destroyed the Morristown Library, with its valuable and in large part irreplaceable collection of books. Nor is either of these losses of an unusual character. Fires starting in the cellar or basement of large country houses, hotels, and public buildings, and resulting in their complete destruction, are matters of familiar occurrence. Yet the adoption of measures entirely within the reach of the owners of such buildings—whether private individuals, stock companies, or public bodies—and entailing only a very moderate expense, would suffice to make such disasters virtually impossible.

Even fireproof construction of buildings as a whole has been so reduced in cost in recent times that the difference between the price of such a building and that of the ordinary inflammable kind is far from being so serious as it formerly was. But without going to that expense, the risk of fire can be very greatly reduced. The thing to aim at is the isolation of fire, the prevention of its spread from the point at which it originates. This can be accomplished, as regards the cellar furnace and its neighborhood, by fireproof floor construction

separating the cellar from the first story. A concrete or steel-and-tile floor can be easily put in at an increase of cost above ordinary wooden joist construction that would hardly be noticeable in the total cost of a large building. In addition to this, and especially in places where the services of a fire department cannot be promptly obtained, the installation of some simple system of automatic sprinklers in basements, near the heating apparatus, and also in kitchens and laundries, commends itself as an obvious safeguard, and offers no great difficulty in the way of expense.

Another most effective measure of protection is the erection of a fireproof division wall, cutting the whole house into two parts. Such a wall may be built of brick or concrete, and would run right through the house, from cellar to roof; it would be provided with concealed sliding metal doors at all openings, and could be entirely hidden within partitions, so as not to mar the artistic effect of a residence. Such a wall would not only be a fire-stop, but also be an invaluable life-saving device. It is on this account that the recent factory legislation so strongly discriminates in favor of buildings with fire-walls of this nature. We are informed, on excellent authority, that a wall of this kind, even in large country houses or hotels, would rarely add more than a thousand dollars to the cost of the building; and it would be a sure means of preventing the spread of flames from one part of the building to another.

What makes our inertia in these matters the more remarkable is the fact that information about them is accessible in exact and authoritative form. By merely writing to the National Fire Protection Association, which has now been in existence nearly twenty years, with its executive office at Boston, one may obtain without cost the results of the experience of competent experts on every aspect of the problem of fire prevention. The Association has issued a great number of pamphlets, in which are laid down the standards which have been found desirable in regard to almost every point concerning safe construction, and protection against fire. Failure to adopt these standards, or indeed to give anything like adequate thought to the question, can be regarded only as an instance of that easy-going disregard of comparatively re-

mote danger which characterizes the national temper in so many directions. It may be quite true that this is a "defect of our qualities"; but that does not prevent it from being a serious defect, or from working out grave consequences, whether in such a matter as the fire danger or in the broader questions of politics.

There is another point which the inflammable nature of the country mansions of our millionaires, and of expensive hotels in summer and winter resorts, should serve to impress. If, as is obviously the case, it is indifference or inertia that is the explanation of this state of things, it is foolish to ascribe the absence of proper fire safeguards in factories wholly to the devilish hard-heartedness of a grasping capitalism. The owner may be terribly to blame for not taking his responsibility more seriously; but he no more expects his mill to burn down than Mrs. Vanderbilt expected her new house to burn down, or than the guests at the Windsor Hotel expected to be burned alive. That is no reason for not making stringent laws, and enforcing them with the utmost rigor; on the contrary, it makes such laws and such enforcement all the more indispensable. But it is a very good reason for not becoming hysterical, for not ascribing to the fiendishness of capital what is in the main an exhibition of a heedlessness we all display in our own personal concerns, and in our everyday life.

THE VOGUE OF THE INEDITED.

Unlike Gray, wishing for endless new novels by Marivaux and Crébillon, the modern magazine publisher longs for an inexhaustible supply of old manuscripts—never before published. In the rage for the inedited some editors threaten to become what Bersot predicted of historians—ragpickers. Authors who complain of the dead hand in literature will have to enlarge their grievance. They may even, for the benefit of literary posterity, soon be expected to advocate a union agreement that every scrap of writing shall be got into the definitive edition of each man's works, or destroyed. The habits of a De Quincey, moving from room to room with a wake of manuscript for future discoverers; of a Browning, patronized by spinsters whom he lets copy his fourteen-year-old verse;

of a Madison, storing away papers of the Federalist type for centenary publication, must begin to seem intolerable to authors already cramped for space. Let the unearthed manuscript be intrinsically good, and it is produced with a fanfare of critical trumpets; let it be so poor that the unhappy ghost is pacing the shores of the Styx at the thought of its becoming known, and it throws new light on his youth, or some mooted episode of his later life.

Looking at the matter in a general way, we can easily believe that the author foresees, as the happiest chance, the possibility of walking, a century after death, into the office of a leading periodical and shouldering out of line, with classical arrogance, the most eminent flesh-and-blood writer there. And it is equally easy to analyze the publisher's pleasure in at once trading on a golden, long-fixed reputation, and yet offering one of its productions as fresh as if from the hand of a novice, written expressly for the readers of 1914. No doubt it is curiosity, partly intellectual, partly vulgar, on which the appeal is based. The titillation of a great name, the expectancy of some *chef-d'œuvre inconnu*, or chip of one, reaches to crowds who know the name alone. A hitherto unpublished story by Stevenson would be seized upon by thousands who had never read the works by him everywhere accessible, or even skimmed their cream. But the publisher has in mind also a love of the literary past. He not merely makes that past current, but carries us back to it. Every one has some time felt a wish to reconstruct the thrill that, we fancy, all England's little Cranfords felt when they were awaiting the next number of "Pickwick"; or London society at the announcement of a new novel by the Wizard of the North. To be ourselves the first to lay eyes upon some such writing, miraculously hidden from its own time and carried down to ours, is insensibly gratifying. Its appearance flatters, moreover, the feeling that we have stolen a march upon our ancestors; not alone in gleaning something they overlooked, but in recalling our improved critical perspective, as regards their own literature. They moved among its productions blindly, where we have long since culled and chosen; and the fact is never more patent than when some survival of their age emerges to be appraised and docketed among its

author's work, by standards more or less universally sanctioned.

With much in all this to applaud, we ought to avoid the appearance of mere literary sycophancy. To fawn on an author by rummaging drawers for trivial notes, the rough sketches of his completed designs, shavings from his chisel, does him neither service nor homage. Always in point is Sainte-Beuve's reproach to "messieurs les érudits" for their digging up what is better left buried. Half the merit of any artistic performance is in its reticences, and their violation is the work of a resurrectionist. There is little addition to knowledge or to admiration in recent reproductions like *Cornhill's* of Browning's infantile poems, or the *Mercure de France's* of certain suppressed letters of Nietzsche's. Such reproductions are not untypical of several which have appeared in American periodicals. The fault has, of course, been carried outside the world of periodicals, a striking example being the appearance lately of the first volume of Gustave Flaubert's "Premières Œuvres," the full set to contain his lucubrations from his thirteenth to the end of his seventeenth year!

The final arbiter must necessarily be good sense and good taste. It is for public as well as publisher to exercise both. Only in this way can old manuscripts new-published be both fair to the past generation and profitable to the present, while performing a real function in helping to emphasize the continuity of literature.

LYRIC POETRY.

Lyric poetry has in large measure been spared from the blight of over-zealous scholarship by the difficulty to define it. There used to be a legend at a certain university that only two beings in the world knew what lyric poetry was, God and Professor —; and that God wouldn't tell, and Professor — couldn't tell. Other forms of literature have been searched and classified according to the well-known prescription for the study of types. But the lyric has presented a smiling defiance to such treatment. It has a piquant quality like life itself, springing up where least expected, a flower in a cranny. Formerly it was thought sufficient to divide poetry into epic, dramatic, and lyric. What was not the first two was, generally speaking, the last. This was a good enough working basis.

Recently scholars have taken to look-

ing at the lyric more narrowly. Prof. E. B. Reed, whose bulky volume on the subject was reviewed in the *Nation* of September 19, 1912, gives the following definition: "All songs, all poems following classic lyric forms; all short poems expressing the writer's moods and feelings in rhythm that suggests music, are to be considered lyrics." Difficulty arose when Professor Reed attempted to enforce his tests. He accepted sonnets because some of them, notably in the days of Elizabeth, have been set to music; yet Wordsworth's genius was styled unlyrical because "he has not left us a single song." And the book shows many other curious instances of selection and exclusion. Prof. F. E. Schelling's recent volume on "The English Lyric" (reviewed in the *Nation* May 8, 1913) adds nothing new to the foregoing statements. "The primary conception involved in the term 'lyric,'" he says, "has always to do with song; and it is the song-like quality of the lyric that falls most conspicuously into contrast with the epic or telling quality of narrative verse. . . . So, too, the lyric is concerned with the poet, his thoughts, his emotions, his moods, and his passions. . . . With the lyric subjective poetry begins." The latest to match his skill with this elusive type is Mr. Ernest Rhys,* the editor of *Everyman's Library*: "Lyrical, it may be said, implies a form of musical utterance in words governed by overmastering emotion and set free by a powerfully concordant rhythm. So soon as narrator or playwright, carried out of the given medium of personal feeling, begins to dilate individually on the theme, that moment he or she surely tends to grow lyrical." The musical test, it will be noted, is abandoned in the second sentence, where Mr. Rhys applies his definition; and, unless one must infer that personal feeling in verse inevitably draws upon music, it is of little practical use. The looseness of Mr. Rhys's conception is quite typical of his practice. Beginning with early forms which were certainly sung, he later accepts sonnets and certain dramatic soliloquies; but as if feeling guilty over his small use of the musical requirement, he periodically refers to an underlying "singing mode," "singing idiom," or "hidden note." The early portion of the volume has to do with metrical developments, especially the transition from alliterative verse to rhyming schemes, and with the flexibility bestowed on English poetry by borrowings from the French. As the book progresses, its treatment may be described as scarcely more than literary history.

I.

I have no desire to hazard a new definition, but merely wish to consider

**Lyric Poetry*. By Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

whether the scope of lyric poetry is not immensely different from that usually assigned to it. All may admit that the lyric and song originated in much the same impulse—the desire to express personal, often inarticulate, feeling; and that the two may at times still be closely allied. It would require no magic rod to strike a gush of song from the lyrics of Burns, or from the light stanzas scattered through Shakespeare's dramas, even if the particular airs to which they were set had been forgotten. But this is very different from implying such an accompaniment for all pieces that commonly pass as lyrics. The discussion will be forwarded by a glance at certain developments in music itself. Such is its present state that critics would probably be as perplexed to agree on what is meant by "lyric" in music as others are to say what the word conveys as regards verse. Whereas formerly lyric music must above all else have melody, some composers, notably Debussy, are now depending instead on harmony, coloring. When he wishes to describe the play of moonlight on the water, Debussy resorts to a series of tinkles broken by syncopated glissandos and mingled with something like whispers. His "Reflet dans l'eau" shows an entirely different treatment from Nevin's woodland sketches. Both men have essayed to speak for nature. The latter has made her tuneful, and in any age would be accounted a true lyricist; Debussy, accepting certain features of nature as in themselves the embodiment of lyric sentiment, has been content to decorate, to sophisticate. He has replaced melody—one of the traditional marks of the lyric—by dexterous harmony; and through this "programme" variety of music has carried the lyric into close association with other musical types.

Manifestly, then, those critics who stick for a musical basis of the lyric should distinguish the kind of music meant. "Lycidas" suggests music no more strongly than many portions of "Paradise Lost," or, if so, does not recall the pure melodies which critics would still unite in terming lyrical. Nor can much significance be extracted from the fact that the sonnet owes its form to a combination of stanzas which usually went with song, or that in some instances the sonnet itself has received a musical arrangement. Certainly within the last three centuries composers of sonnets could never have had the thought of music in mind; and only such supersensitive ears as Mr. Rhys's could possibly discover a "hidden note" of song at the bottom of, say, Shakespeare's lines beginning

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.

If they convey any note, it is Milton's

epic organ tone. One might go further and say that they are less lyrical as regards pure sound than Macbeth's memorable lament after hearing that his wife is dead. If by "musical basis" critics would mean melodious song, they would have little difficulty in classification, though this would exclude the majority of selections found in the "Golden Treasury."

In endeavoring to hold to a conception of the ancient Greeks we have really confused their ideas. They recognized the kinship of the lyric and song, though they did not use it as a strict test, but also the more general relation of poetry and music. If lyric verse was sung, so were the epic and large portions of the drama, and the instrument of accompaniment might, at least in the first two instances, be the same, the lyre. Yet it is true that to most minds to-day the lyric appears to have a prior claim to a musical alliance. Partly this is because it is the only one of the three poetic divisions which continues to be set to music—a thoroughly arbitrary distinction. But more especially it is because the beginnings of poetry, like the beginnings of music, were "lyrical," in the sense that they fell easily into the jingle of song. This must have been the reason for the style, "lyric Apollo," to characterize the god of poetry and music, who was rooted in their ancient traditions. And down the centuries lyric verse and lyric music have furnished enough examples of early uncomplicated melodies to keep the two, in human instincts, subtly bound together. "O my love's like, a red, red rose" has not advanced far in rhythm beyond poetry in an elementary stage, which, of course, only heightens its homely freshness. The movement of Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn" has no such implication, and though it might set an ancient Greek to chanting, it does not so affect us moderns. In retaining, despite the inconsistencies of our practice, a musical basis exclusively for the lyric, we are but emphasizing the stream of, as it were, primordial poetry which still runs through it, though it also runs through the drama and epic in less degree. It is heard now and again in "Samson Agonistes" and in Homer's episode of Nausicaa.

II.

I have referred to a present tendency in lyrical music to replace melody by skilful harmony playing over choice aspects of nature. Something much akin to this has long been operative in lyric poetry. Off-hand one would not think of turning to Petrarch for an illustration. Coming on the heels of the troubadours, whose songs he laid under heavy contribution, he would surely seem to give the strongest reinforcement to the musical test. Nearly always

there is music in his language, and some of his stanzas were obviously intended to be sung. But here again the test is not decisive, for his sonnets are no more melodious than parts of Chaucer's narrative, such as the lines

And smale foulës maken melodye
That slepen al the night with open eye,
or than much of the "Divine Comedy." In the hands of all three authors poetry of whatever type still betrayed its twin-birth with music.

Petrarch's greatest influence on others came undoubtedly from his peculiar use of nature. It was not original with him, but his expertness gave it the widest currency, and then and there created the nature cult which still has adherents. In illustrating his love for Laura he connected her with nature's treasury. Her curls were tossed by the gentlest breeze, the laurel was instinct with her presence, the stars gained in lustre by resembling her eyes, her footsteps consecrated the meadows, the flowers that brushed her were an inspiration henceforth, and a stream once visited by her thereafter murmured music. Sappho had furnished charming natural settings, but it was left to Petrarch to bring nature and love into fusion. French and English caught up his manner until no mistress was worthy if unattended by nature's store of tenderest fragrances, colors, and sounds. The insincerity of many of these writers does not remove the fact that nature was then made an almost indispensable accompaniment of what passed as lyric poetry. The thought of music might be absent from the poet, but nature must in some fashion serve him. From continual use in this way certain natural features came to have an almost independent lyric value, especially the stars, the dawn, a stream, and flowers. Though the vogue of flower poems such as Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton yielded to, was enhanced by a special sentiment which each flower acquired, their main effect was the sheer beauty bestowed by long lyric associations. And in a more general way Spenser and later Thomson were content to rest the value of whole lyric stanzas upon a lovely array of sweet natural details.

Nor has the practice been neglected by more modern writers. In the case of "Fiona Macleod" it attained the proportions of a naturalistic *rêve*. Individual details of nature had received from centuries of poetic use (so we may suppose he felt) such an accumulation of emotional value that merely to pronounce their names was enough to furnish a lyric background; much after the manner of any catalogue of ships which, ever since Homer's famous list, has been apt to start in the mind a reminiscence of epic poetry. In not a few of his poems William Sharp gives little more

than an enumeration of these alleged lyric features, as in the following lines: There is in everything an undertone . . . Those clear in soul are also clear in sight,

And recognize in a white cascade's flash
The roar of mountain torrents, and the wail

Of multitudinous waves on barren sands,
The song of skylark at the flush of dawn,

A mayfield all ablaze with king-cups gold,
The clamour musical of culver wings
Beating the soft air of a dewy dusk,
The crescent moon far voyaging thro' darked skies,

And Sirius throbbing in the distant south,
A something deeper than mere audible
And visible sensations.

Sharp's tendency—which is shared by many, among them Maeterlinck, I suspect—to see a "rainbow of feeling" in any nosegay of nature is most similar, it must be admitted, to Debussy's way of imputing subtle, fleeting emotions to his formless chromatics. I have pursued this speculation to illustrate the danger of exalting a poetical accompaniment, whether it be song or nature, to a test of type.

III.

The other test usually employed to mark off lyric poetry is personal, subjective emotion. Like many other words that come trippingly from the tongue, these are meaningless unless strictly interpreted. Taken to signify merely the language of feeling, as they generally are, they lead nowhere. Is Horace's pleasant quarrel with Lydia, is many a pretty trifle by Austin Dobson, subjective emotion simply because both poets have used words of the heart? Was Robert Herrick subjective when he chafed in the conventional conceits of his day? Are we to ignore the fact that the troubadours had a special motive for proclaiming a Blanche or a Diana to be a nonpareil? And there is the whole class of so-called lyrics which retouch ancient mythology, such as the Anacreontic of Cupid stung by a bee, whose sentiments are artificial by the nature of the case. Are they, too, subjective? But even when held to denote the poet's expression of his own sincere feeling, as I construe it, the subjective test furnishes no simple rule of thumb; for how shall we be sure when a poet is feigning?

There is, for instance, the sonnet sequence of Thomas Watson, which he openly declared to be merely an exercise in a fashion of the day. Now, oddly enough, it sounds in parts not less sincere than similar works of his time; and probably other writers, if pressed, would have had to confess that they, too, were merely playing at a game. Nor is it reasonable to accept, as Professor Reed would do, a sonnet as being necessarily a truer chart of an author's own sentiments than are various lines in a play.

If there was a Dark Lady, who shall say that the views on life and death in "Hamlet" were not in part the poet's own? If there is a ring of sincerity in the lines of Sonnet LIV:

O! how much more doth beauty beautiful seem

By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

it appears to be present also in

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

In attempting to reach a man through his works one has to penetrate the veil of art, whatever the form of the poem chosen. In any case, the author reacts *poetically* upon a given theme or situation, and unless the poetical equation is clearly understood, a critic would be rash to say that here the poet's heart lies bare. Take an individual sonnet unconnected with a sequence or a literary vogue. Its metrical arrangement, especially in the Italian form, and its requirements of balance, climax, and point are too complex, within such small compass, to be adjusted readily to a poet's feeling without causing some sacrifice to art. Milton, determined to speak his mind on the atrocity at Piedmont, in the sonnet commencing

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints,
almost broke down the sonnet structure, employing a loose construction suggestive of Biblical utterance. Even while we marvel at the happy result, the impression obtrudes that here the art of the sonnet received the smallest toll on record. In some other sonnets, Milton, supreme poet that he was, so mastered the medium he worked in as to make his perceptions seem spontaneous; and Keats undoubtedly had similar success. But this does not mean that the poetical equation is not present for the critic to solve.

The mechanism of a sonnet may be thought of as an alembic which distills a poet's sentiments. Its effect is too subtle to be often detected by the critic. Yet any one who has written a sonnet (as who hasn't?) realizes that the mood in the finished product is apt to differ from the original conception, and that the transforming power of art is operative when least we think of it. The predicament of the lyricist who would be sincere may be illustrated by a modern tendency in the drama. The desire to represent life on the stage exactly as it is brings the finicky realist face to face with certain insurmountable conditions of dramatic construction. There is the element of time. Try as he will, he cannot make the stage square with life. Crises do not form with the celerity of stage convention, and in numerous other respects the dramatist of things as they are has to admit himself balked.

This directing power of artistic form increases, naturally, according to the

intricacy of the type used. A drama or epic may impose a large number of external conditions, and quite conceal the author's own feelings. They are there, nevertheless, and could be sifted out if the laws of artistic construction were accurately known. By contrast, the lyric in general puts few restraints upon the poet. Particularly in open stanzas he would seem to have a good chance to express his very self. The language of Wordsworth's "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" is so simple and direct as to leave no doubt that it came straight from the heart. But between the extremes represented by this poem and by such an impersonal performance as an Æschylean play the degree of subjectivity varies so much, whatever the literary form, as to make personal feeling a tricky test of type. It is hard, for instance, to imagine Wordsworth concealing his own feeling even in a drama. And Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" is in many portions as close an index of his feeling as is his simplest lyric.

IV.

Francis Palgrave, searching for a principle of selection for his "Golden Treasury," held the term lyrical "to imply that each poem shall turn upon a single thought, feeling, or situation." He ignored the tests of music and personal emotion and included in his collection eminent poems of supposedly single and continuous inspiration, in a word, all varieties of relatively short poems. The soundness of his definition might be disputed on the ground that, Poe's well-known views notwithstanding, "Paradise Lost" is the embodiment of but a single mood, albeit a huge mood. Yet if slightly arbitrary, Palgrave's distinction, which is based mainly on extent rather than on kind, is immensely convenient in practice; and I know of no other which would be usable for an anthology.

Looked at in the light of what has been said, the poems in Palgrave's collection show, it is true, certain characteristics which grow out of their brevity. Admitting that even a small structure, like a sonnet, has its artistic alchemy, it naturally lacks the resources of poetic works of considerable compass. Why is it, for instance, that Desdemona's simple utterance, "If you say so, I hope you will not kill me," is supreme poetry? It is because these prosaic words are released from a situation which has been long preparing and which in itself is surcharged with imagination. Not being included in a plot, the lyric as defined by Palgrave must depend much upon its surface value—upon graceful conceits, poignant turns of thought, choice of detail, and the piquancy of its seeming artlessness. It obviously has not the artistic framework to support any large measure of

sentences which, save for the metre, are prose. So no one can conceive of a short poem including the following passage from "All's Well that Ends Well":

O! were that all. I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away.

Yet in their proper place in the play these lines are effective. Not that the short lyric's appeal is always superficial. Though superficial in artistry, it has in general been occupied with ideas and feelings as old and deeply planted as life itself. Thus the simple line, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," symbolizes a fundamental tragedy. And only the slightest poetic heightening is absolutely required when the theme is a lyric standby, owing to the carrying power of the implicit sentiment.

But richness of surface, though usually an essential of the short poem, is not a safe distinction. Poets like Shelley would never have been satisfied, even when writing drama, with anything less than a succession of individually glowing lines; and Milton and Shakespeare, while not given to Shelley's excess of fancy, resorted to figures in many instances where another might have used plain, dignified language, trusting to the poetic structure to carry it. Shakespeare has, indeed, many passages in his plays which bear a striking resemblance to poems generally accepted as lyric. Take Macbeth's lament, previously referred to:

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Is this less "lyric" in effect than the following lines of similar content in Pindar's eighth Pythian Ode?

In a little moment groweth up the delight of men; yea and in like sort falleth it to the ground, when a doom adverse hath shaken it.

Things of a day—what are we, and what not? Man is as a dream of shadows.

Even if we were to go back to the test of subjective emotion, Macbeth's words

would still qualify as lyric. The sharp situation in which they are uttered makes them appear to be entirely the expression of personal feeling.

It is quite possible that the lyric, except in Palgrave's practical use of the term, means little more than a poetic quality. It comes close to signifying what is conveyed by the vague phrase "pure poetry." That is to say, when poetry is manifestly functioning effectively—namely, distinguishing itself from prose—it is lyric. This condition is not prescribed necessarily by brevity, though it is obviously more difficult to sustain poetry at great length. On the other hand, a plot may at times furnish a lyric, or poetic, intensity hard to attain in a short poem. Shakespeare and Milton, superb poets that they were, contrived to be almost constantly lyric even while they were, respectively, dramatic and epic.

V.

There is lyric form—in Palgrave's sense of a relatively short poem—on the whole a natural distinction, since it describes a large body of poetic practice. And there is lyric sentiment, or coloring. The latter is so bound up with the very nature of poetry that to isolate it is impossible.

Some such discussion of the lyric as I have attempted here ought, if pursued further, to clarify opinions as to poetry in general. Too often the complaint has been made that Pope, for example, was not a true poet because he employed to so great an extent the language of reason. In the first place, it would be well for his critics to define this term "reason"; and, secondly, to consider passages of his, not as detached units, but as portions of large structures whose artistic effect Pope relied upon very much. An examination of this kind would greatly discredit the study of poetry *in vacuo* and the tendency to overprize, especially in long poems, a glut of romantic imagery.

H. DEW. F.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There will shortly appear at auction in New York the original Revolutionary journal of Cadwallader Colden, son of the famous Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New York. It will be remembered that the Lieutenant-Governor was a violent Loyalist who adopted every means at his command to frustrate the growing tendency towards revolt by the American colonists, and in consequence was cordially hated and harshly treated by the Sons of Liberty. His third son, Cadwallader, inherited the estate of Coldenham, in Orange County, and resided there during the greater part of his life. His father was away from home most of the time on public business, and Cadwallader's education devolved on his mother. Her influence, together with his natural proclivities, inclined him to farm-

ing, but he also held the political views of his father. He occupied various minor public positions in the town and county and was considered so influential that when, at the outbreak of hostilities, he publicly announced that he was for the King and Parliament, the American leaders decided to keep a careful watch on his movements.

The journal begins with an account of his arrest, November 26, 1776, by order of the Committee for detecting Plots and Conspiracies, which sentenced him to be sent to Boston, there to remain under the direction of the Selectmen of that town. During his imprisonment he was subjected to many petty annoyances and some rough handling, of which he complained in his numerous petitions to the Committee and the State Convention. Receiving no reply to any of his petitions he quietly ignored the sentence of banishment and returned home. He was again arrested, on March 2, 1777, and examined by a Committee composed of Philip Livingston, John Ten Broeck, and Christopher Tappan, by whom he was paroled and ordered to remain in Kingston.

Here he wrote the following:

Private thoughts and resolutions on reading the Resolves of Convention, by which I find that the oath to the pretended Independent States is again to be tendered or on refusal am to have leave, or rather compelled to move with my family to New York. As I have ever looked upon these inhabitants of these American Colonies as enjoying the greatest share of blessings and liberty, both Civil and Religious of any people in the known world, and this I have heard confessed by the most judicious; notwithstanding of which, as long as I can remember I have known and heard of evil and discontented spirits among us, who by their writings and other practices, have been endeavoring to overturn this happy constitution both in Church and State, and to fill the minds of people with groundless jealousies and uneasiness. Therefore I concluded that our troubles and unhappy disputes with the Mother Country proceed more from the aspiring and ambitious views of some of her sons, together with a rooted inveterosity against the Church, than from a design in Great Britain to *enslave* a brave and free people, and that she yet means to *restore us to both Law and Liberty*, and therefore I have ever been opposed to such measures, as I thought were brought about with no other view but to advance this grand scheme of Independence or Republic government, which (I confirmed) however it may gratify the ambitious and malignant views of some men, will never leave the country at large so happy a people as they were, and might for ages have remained. And as for barely professing these sentiments, I have been abused, insulted, threatened and condemned to banishment, unless I would take the oath of allegiance to this imaginary state. This I have refused to do in modest, but as positive terms as I could, at the same time willing to give any security for my remaining neutral during the present disputes, yet still the oath is now urged upon me, tho' I have declared that should I be vile enough to take it, I should not think myself bound by it—and notwithstanding this declaration, I am yet now promised that if I will but take the oath, I shall remain with my family quiet and undisturbed. Temptations great indeed (but that I may not be led into Temptation is my daily prayer). Shall I now to avoid a little temporary uneasiness and inconvenience give the lie to all my former conduct and even appeal to the majesty of Heaven to confirm the lie—God forbid—Shok-

ing thought that one Christian can expect this from another!—No, the idea of being *torn* from my family, distressing as it was to me never suggested such a thought, and now that the temptation is less (by the punishment for non-compliance being softened) and that it has pleased God to put it into their hearts to let me remove with my family—Resolved, In the Name of God, let me go.

Inserted in the journal is a copy of his letter to the Convention refusing to take the oath and asking for a pass for himself and family to remove to New York. This was refused, and he was ordered to await the action of the Convention.

He was again arrested on May 1, and thrown into jail at Kingston, from whence he was sent aboard one of the sloops of the prison fleet on the Hudson River. Many pages are devoted to his sufferings and interesting experiences while a prisoner. They tell of starvation; of filthy conditions; of his companions, some of whom were taken from his side to be executed for treason; of the escape of prisoners from the sloop and his reasons for remaining behind; of his numerous letters and petitions to be released; and of his transfer on parole, September 1, to reside at the house of Capt. Vanduesen, at Hurley.

On the advance of the British troops above the forts of the Highlands all prisoners were sent away except Colden and another, who protested so strenuously that they were allowed to remain.

After the departure of the British, Colden was again placed on parole in the house of Jacobus Hardenberg in Hurley until November 5, 1777, when he was transferred to Nine Partners in Dutchess County, and after an appeal to Gov. Clinton was allowed to go home. In July, 1778, he was again summoned before the Commission for Detecting Plots and Conspiracies and asked to take the oath of allegiance to the State of New York, and on his refusal was ordered to remove with his family within the enemy's lines before August 3. He at once went to New York, but left his family in possession of his estate. On January 13 he wrote a memorial to Sir Henry Clinton, asking to be appointed to some office, and set forth his services and past sufferings. This memorial is virtually a summary of the contents of the journal, with one important addition:

That in April, 1777 an officer or messenger charged with dispatches from the Commander in Chief at Canada to Sir William Howe, passing through the country, and being pressed, fled to the house of your Memorialist for protection, which he not only received, but your Memorialist hired guides who conducted him safe, at the risk of their lives; and on suspicion of this your Memorialist was again committed to the common jail, but happily for him the Rebels could not prove the fact or he would undoubtedly suffered death.

The journal ends at this point, but it may be surmised that Colden never received preferment at the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, or his lands would have been confiscated two years later by the general confiscatory act.

The only portions of this journal which appear to have been published are some of the petitions to the Committee of Plots and Conspiracies which were printed in their reports; and as the authentic ex-

perience of a Tory farmer of New York who wished to remain neutral, its historical value can scarcely be overestimated.

H.

Correspondence

THE ROMAN LIBERALS TO LINCOLN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the echoes of Lincoln's assassination in Europe one that is little known in America is the action of the Liberals of Papal Rome on the receipt of the news of the Liberator's death. The war for emancipation in the United States had not been without its emotional effect on the struggling Italians, especially in Rome, where the future was not yet clear. Regretting that the Roman Unionists, "still severed from the bosom of the great Italian family," had not had "from the theocratic powers still in control, a worthy interpreter of their sorrow for the horrible crime," the Liberal Committee proceeded to independent and tangible action. The *Agger* of Servius Tullius had recently been excavated in Rome, and the name of the early Roman King was heralded as the champion of popular liberty against patrician oppression. A group of young Liberals, headed by Domenico Ricci, Alessandro Doria, and Pietro Jonni, secretly removed from the *Agger* a block of stone, on which was cut the following inscription in Latin: *The Citizens of Rome Dedicate to Abraham Lincoln President of the United States This Stone from the Agger of Servius Tullius That the Memory of These Champions of Liberty May Be Passed on United to Posterity. MDCCCLXV.* The memorial was delivered to Mr. Stielmann, American Consul at Leghorn. It was embarked, August 4, 1865, on the English steamer *Uhla* for the United States. The *Uhla*, however, was wrecked on the Bermudas in September of that year. Inquiries of the donors at Washington and with Mr. Stielmann received no reply. F. Gerardi, writing in *Fanfulla della Domenica*, February 25, 1912, shows that the stone was saved from the wreck and for some time lay on the beach in the Bermudas, whence ultimately it disappeared. So far as we know, no recognition of this courtesy was ever received from the United States.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

Columbia University, February 27.

FAGIN'S SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The school for pickpockets which Dickens describes in "Oliver Twist" has always had a romantic appeal. The gutter-snipe apprenticed to the thief in order to learn the trade, of scientific robbery from an "efficiency expert" is a peculiarly fascinating subject. It is not surprising, therefore, now and then, to find this legend of the thieves' school told as sober fact in memoirs. It makes a traveller's tale almost as irresistible as the miracles of the Indian jugglers.

"The Reminiscences of Michael Kelly," singer at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane,

published in 1826, contains an account of such a school at Naples. Kelly was arrested in that city one evening in the year 1799 and compelled to pass a night in prison, for striking a Neapolitan in a quarrel at the theatre. Among his fellow-prisoners was "a captain of Calabrian banditti" who had been, in earlier days, a "hero of the pickpockets on the Largo di Castello." During this "jolly night" the ex-pickpocket and professed bandit told "many of his exploits, and something of his education. When a boy he had been placed at a school, where his trade was regularly taught. A large figure, made of straw, was placed in the middle of a room, about which [the figure] were arranged watches, trinkets, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. The master of the school (and a very great master of arts he was) stood by and gave instructions. No one was allowed to be an adept, or [to be] fit to take the field, till he could rob the figure without being observed or deranging a single straw." The parallel with Fagin's methods is certainly striking. "Oliver Twist" did not appear in *Bentley's Miscellany* until 1837 (Jan., 1837-Mar., 1839), the same year that Dickens arranged to write his "Memoirs of Grimaldi." In reading theatrical anecdotes and reminiscences for the latter purpose, Dickens may have obtained a hint for Fagin's school from Michael Kelly.

J. R. CRAWFORD.

Yale University, February 28.

THE PEOPLE'S WANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the strongest defence ever made in behalf of sensational journalism is that it gives the people what they want. Of course, as I said in a letter to the *Nation* of March 18, 1913, the same plea is made with equal justice by the saloonkeeper. But, Mr. Editor, I believe that if the people have a hearing, collectively or individually, they will not declare in favor of the ordinary newspaper, to say nothing of the particularly "yellow sheet."

Some time ago I asked twenty-five college presidents to point out three defects of the American newspaper. From the score of replies received, only one offered voluntarily a favorable comment following the adverse criticism. I reproduce three of these letters:

President George C. Chase, Bates College, Me.:

First, the space, prominence, and detail with which newspapers present accounts of crimes, family difficulties, suits for divorce, and kindred matters connected with the lower qualities of human nature and appealing to instincts which should be regulated and held in check rather than stimulated. Under this head might be included the minute and sometimes coarse descriptions of boxing matches and similar exhibitions.

Second, the violation of the sacredness of personal and of family life by bringing to the public incidents and peculiarities that can serve no good purpose, but that cultivate in newspaper readers an impertinence and often a morbid curiosity in regard to persons and experiences in which the public can have no worthy interest.

Third, the space given to unimportant things, such as the dress and bearings of persons taking part in social functions.

President Frank L. McVey, the University of North Dakota:

The chief fault in American newspapers is their failure to appreciate proportion in the presentation of news. This is true not only in the assignment of space, but in the emphasis placed upon minor events and facts.

A second fault is their over-use of headlines and the presentation of startling and sensational matter really detrimental to public morals.

Third, a lack of sincerity, and the evident desire to make a story for the story's sake rather than for the sake of news.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the University of California:

The first censurable feature in American newspapers, which I should like to mention, is the feeling apparently held by the newspapers that each of them must take some stand on some current question. I think it would be better if they avoided taking a position, particularly on political questions. They would be less likely to be tempted into "coloring" the news.

The second bad fault lies in the desire of every paper to make "a story" out of a plain occurrence of fact. We do not want the news written up; we want the news. Many newspapers chop up the good materials which are given them and then hang them up decoratively on a presentative slab. We want more complete and unadulterated documents.

Again, it is a vicious habit of many newspapers to lead you down to the bottom of a column on the first page and then suddenly announce that the narrative is continued on page 4, column 7. This is only one of a number of false principles now being applied to the formal makeup of newspapers. I wish newspapers would spare us the horror of illustration and colored ink.

But these opinions, which are very typical of the views expressed by college presidents throughout the United States, represent only a small class of the people. What about other professions, or even the "masses"? In answer to one of my letters, a class of more than forty students in journalism in the University of Oregon canvassed about all the trades and professions and representative citizens in private life in the city of Eugene. Few persons showed any reluctance to talk, and in only one instance was there a wholly favorable view expressed. I reproduce verbatim an account of a single interview:

The greatest defect of our American newspapers is sensationalism [said the president of the First National Bank]. And by sensationalism I mean the printing of rot and untruth and that which maliciously stirs up the people. Most of our papers give only half of the story. They want to give the people the wrong impression. Take, for instance, the case of banks: in New York we read that a certain bank was making hundreds of thousands of dollars interest on a small sum of money which represented their own capital. The newspapers printed this to stir up antagonism, but they did not consider all the rest of the capital which this bank had out, which was in excess of their capital, and would have thus greatly lowered the per cent. of their interest.

The second defect the banker believes to be the printing of stuff that is not news:

By news I mean that which is of interest and value to all the people. A nasty little scandal in Eugene is not news to people in other cities, and yet such an occurrence would be printed in many of the big Eastern papers.

Again, in a Middle Western city I requested a class in journalism to make a similar canvass. Lawyers, bankers, teachers, physicians, and ladies and gentlemen in private life were interviewed, and the results were strikingly similar to those given in the two cases above. Finally, reports obtained in a slightly different manner from a city in a South-eastern State are closely in keeping with the opinions I have reproduced.

Thus it would seem that the people are not getting what they desire in this case any more than they were getting what they desired when they bought canned goods and patent medicines previous to June 30, 1906. An indictment of the ordinary American newspapers might read:

They have appropriated and distorted the methods of fiction and advertise the result for fact. They are, therefore, properly classed with adulterated food products, patent medicines, and with all frauds practiced upon the public for the sake of profit. They are degrading to the taste and morals of the public, especially our youth. Surely, that which goes into one's head deserves the same scrutiny as those products which enter the stomach.

CHAS. V. STANSELL.

Ottawa, Kan., February 25.

HARDY'S "TRAGIC POSSIBILITIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Writing in the *Nation* of February 12, under the heading "Tragic Possibilities," Mr. L. A. Noble has asked: "In the terrestrial scheme developed by the novels of Hardy's maturity is not the influence of woman synonymous with that of nature?" I, for one, cannot think so.

The tragic possibilities of which Hardy makes use lie deeper. To discern them, we must first recognize that in the novels of his maturity he portrayed woman with scientific theories of determinism, environment, heredity, and the survival of the fit, dominant in his mind. Secondly, we must recognize that nature is for him not the "cold, passionless, unloving mother to whom the sorrows, fears, and aspirations of man are indifferent because unknown" — as Watts-Dunton says in describing the scientific feeling; nor is she the *Natura Benigna* of Wordsworth's holy plan; but the *Natura Maligna* of the pessimist. When we recognize these two facts, we must discern that, creating characters with the aid of scientific data, and then betraying them to hostile circumstance, Hardy reveals the malignancy of nature from the point of view of the unfit who do not survive. In the terrestrial scheme which this original point of view develops lie the tragic possibilities.

HARRY W. HASTINGS.

Hanover, N. H., February 27.

THE FOOL'S MATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems ungrateful to pick at so generous a review as that in the current number of the *Nation* of Murray's "History of Chess," yet one may legitimately

criticise the remark: "Enabled the players to bring a strong attack against their adversaries in the first four or five moves, rendering, indeed, a 'fool's mate' possible within the first four." Is not the "fool's mate" the one achieved in two moves, whereas the ordinary four-move mate is the "scholar's mate"?

O. R. HOWARD THOMSON.

Williamsport, Pa., February 15.

[Your reviewer can only state that for the past fifty years he has known the four-move mate in question by the title of "Fool's Mate." The two-move mate to which your correspondent doubtless refers (P to KB 3—P to K 3; P to KKt 4—Q to KR 5) implies such criminal complicity on the part of White that it certainly deserves a more dyslogistic name than folly. Whether the crime in question should be entitled Suicide or Treason (to our Sovereign Lady Queen Caissa) is a matter which I did not know had been determined, certainly not by any of the "authorities," who naturally do not discuss so elementary a blunder. However, in the matter of calling names, it seems to be a question of depositing your coin and selecting your epithet. Your reviewer, for this occasion only, prefers folly to scholarship.—THE REVIEWER.]

A BOOK OF SEA STORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago, when I was in search of information regarding early editions of Carlyle's "Heroes," I sent a brief request to readers of the *Nation* for help. Their response was immediate and most helpful. No unknown scholar in a corner could ever have received more generous aid. Encouraged by that experience, I venture to appeal to them again.

When I was a boy in Ontario, many years ago, I borrowed from an old American gentleman a book of sea stories, shipwrecks principally. It was an American book, I feel certain, but it contained an account of the loss of H. B. M. *Atalanta*, sloop-of-war, at the mouth of Halifax harbor in 1813. The narrative (there were many "narratives") contained the letter of the first lieutenant to his mother, describing the wreck. The book can be identified by a ringing ballad, which I have never seen since. It begins:

A jolly comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea,
When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be!

And may my gallant battle flag be stricken down
In shame,

If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge
Thy name!

Up! up! my lads, his memory! We'll give it
With a cheer,

Ned Bolton the commander of the Black Snake
Privateer.

The verses go on to tell how Bolton fought the Spaniard, how the Black Snake grounded on a "cutting coral reef" near the hostile coast:

The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but dared
Not venture near.

Too well they knew the mettle of the darling
Privateer.

When she gets off the reef, she is in a sinking condition; she has no boats, and her commander "carries on" and sails her till she goes down all standing, with her crew carousing and cheering on the deck.

I do not recall the title of the book, and inquiries at various centres have been fruitless. I should be grateful for any information on the subject.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., February 23.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S SCHOOLBOY STORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of Eden Phillpotts's boy chronicle, "From the Angle of Seventeen" (*Nation*, January 29), is mistaken in saying: "It is so unlike anything else by Mr. Phillpotts that one can hardly believe it is his." It was in 1900 that Corkey Minimus made his first appearance, as one of the several artless heroes in Mr. Phillpotts's delightful sketches of British school life, "The Human Boy" (published by Harpers), and there must be many readers who still remember that engaging youth's desperate battle with Bray, the cock of the Lower School, and the fateful "match with neckties" that preceded it.

This book of schoolboy stories is so delicious in its humor, its vitality, and its rendition of genuine boy atmosphere, that it has always seemed to me to rank closely with "Stalky & Co." The chronicler of "From the Angle of Seventeen" must be Corkey Minimus, for it will be remembered that in 1900 Corkey Major was "a mere learning machine in the Sixth"; and Corkey Minor was the lucky chap who was saved fagging for exams. by something happening to his right lung, so he had to go on a fine trip to Australia in a sailing ship. Corkey Minimus was ten at that time, and in the Lower Fourth.

HELEN E. HAINES.

Pasadena, Cal., February 21.

Literature

COUNT PASOLINI'S RAVENNA.

Ravenna e le sue grandi memorie. By Pier Pasolini. Rome: Loescher.

Ravenna, unlike Rome, Florence, Venice, and many other Italian cities, has not a complete history such as lends itself to orthodox literary treatment; were the whole of its story set forth from remote origins down to the present day, much of it would prove of very little interest, and of purely local importance. But it has had its moments of great celebrity and glory, when for a short time it became a centre of world interests and its name was in all men's mouths. Count Pasolini has set about writing the history of his native town in the only way it should be written, for he has not attempted a consecutive narrative, but has chosen out the really great periods and episodes and devoted his whole attention to them, discard-

ing the dreary records of colorless obscurity under Byzantine officials or Papal legates and of civil strife under native rulers.

The stirring events which from time to time made Ravenna famous, and the men of universal celebrity who were associated with the city, are dealt with in the author's pleasant original style, coupled with profound knowledge and laborious research. The aspect of Ravenna as we see it to-day offers close parallel to the character of its history, for the dull brick walls and obscure streets are lit up here and there by gorgeous visions of gold mosaics and splendid palaces. Count Pasolini lets us see the whole brilliant pageant of Ravenna's memories; emperors, generals, Byzantine exarchs, pontiffs, and poets pass through the city amid a blaze of color.

Ravenna first springs into fame in the year 50 B. C., when Julius Cæsar occupied it with his legions while awaiting the answer of the Senate to his ultimatum. He had declared himself ready to lay down his arms if Pompey did the same; otherwise he should have to defend his own rights. Having received no satisfactory reply, he set forth from Ravenna, crossed the fatal Rubicon, and moved towards Rome to found the Empire. "Five hundred years more, and the Roman Empire, after having handed over to the Christian Church the idealism and organization of a universal jurisdiction, and after having exercised over the world an irresistible fascination and an influence which survives to this day, was to come to end at Ravenna."

Galla Placidia is the next great figure appearing in the city's history, the Empress who, in the dark days of triumphant barbarism, impersonated the Roman Empire, the Roman idea, the Roman Church. Her mausoleum is one of the most splendid examples of mosaic decoration, or rather we should say of mosaic architecture, in existence, and her memory still lives in Ravenna as that of the good queen who protected the poor and insured them their rights. Romulus Augustulus had his capital at Ravenna until, in 476, after a skirmish in the Pineta, where his few troops were defeated by Odovakar, king of the Heruli, he was deposed, and the Roman Empire fell. Under Theodoric Ravenna became the centre of a great and splendid experiment—the fusion of Roman and Goth into one powerful nation and the establishment of toleration as the basis for ecclesiastical policy. For Theodoric, although himself a Goth, was so thoroughly imbued with the Roman idea that he wished to continue the traditions of Rome amid his own Gothic people, while he believed that Arian and Catholic could dwell peacefully side by side. For many years this double plan succeeded admirably, until the uncompromising bigotry of the Eastern Emperor Justin and his persecution of the

Arians aroused Theodoric's Gothic and Arian prejudices and drove him in his later years to cruel persecutions of the Catholics.

Ravenna springs into fame once more during the reign of Justinian and Theodora. Belisarius occupied Ravenna for Justinian in 540, and for 212 years the city remained under Byzantine rule as represented by the exarchs.

During a period of nearly eight centuries the history of Ravenna was of slight interest, until its connection with the great name of Dante attracted the attention of the world. It was at Ravenna that Dante spent the last years of his troubled existence, and there, enjoying the hospitality of the house of Da Polenta, he finished the "Divine Comedy." Count Pasolini sheds much light on the poet's last years, and gives an account of his diplomatic mission to Venice, where by his political tact he saved his host, the lord of Ravenna, from the ire and cupidity of the *Serenissima*.

After the death of Dante, Ravenna again lapses into obscurity, until the battle of Ravenna in 1511. To this event the author devotes a long chapter, for he deems it peculiarly important as being the first battle of the modern age, for it was the first to be decided by the use of artillery. In 1797 Ravenna is again talked of, owing to the remarkable personality of its archbishop, Monsignor Codrouchi, whose friendship with Napoleon exercised some influence on the Emperor's ecclesiastical policy. Twenty years later we find Byron at Ravenna, which became the scene of his love episode with the beautiful Contessa Guiccioli. But this was far more than a *grande passion*, for the fair Italian inspired the English poet with a deep love for her country and a keen desire for its resurrection. The long last chapter of the book tells of Garibaldi's connection with Ravenna. The subject is to some extent familiar to English readers through the stirring pages of Mr. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," but the present work contains much fresh material collected from unpublished sources, and the recollections of the few living witnesses. The story of the hero's flight through forest, canebrakes, and marshland with the Austrian soldiers and Pontifical gendarmes ever at his heels, his movements hampered by the necessity of caring for his dying wife Anita, is set forth in eloquent language by the author, who feels all the emotion of the episode and succeeds in imparting it to his readers. "The tragedy of Anita, which takes place between Rome and Ravenna, the two classical and Imperial cities," as Carducci wrote; the tragedy of the faithful and fearless wife who, after having risked and suffered so much, succumbs exhausted in the arms of her husband, the hero, "pursued to death throughout the land,"

is perhaps the most beautiful, surely the purest and most patriotic, of the many tragedies which for nineteen centuries love and warfare have shown us:

Su la marina dove il Po discende
Per aver, pace co' seguaci sui.

CURRENT FICTION.

Horace Blake. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It has become rather fashionable to begin the novel, instead of ending it, with the hero's marriage; the next logical step is to begin with his death. Something like this Mrs. Ward has done. The first of the three parts of her book tells the story of Horace Blake's last days and death. Blake is a brilliant dramatist, in his philosophy cruelly cynical, in his life utterly corrupt. His wife is a strong woman, brought up in an atmosphere of skepticism, who has forgiven and shielded Blake in her ambition for his fame. Attacked by a baffling and mortal disease, Blake goes to Brittany for rest. He takes with him not his wife, who wears him in his weakness, but his daughter, who has been brought up by Mrs. Blake's sister in entire ignorance of her father's character. Before his death in Brittany Blake successfully exerts himself to win his daughter's love, and becomes a convert to the faith of his boyhood.

The story proper is concerned with his influence after his death upon three persons: his wife, his daughter, and Stephen Tempest, who has visited him in Brittany, has fallen in love with his daughter, and has been selected by his wife as his biographer. Each is ignorant of essential parts of Blake's life. The daughter, Trix, knows only of his last days. Mrs. Blake will hear nothing of that period, regarding Blake's conversion as a cowardly surrender to superstition. Tempest has known Blake only after his conversion. The fuller knowledge of Blake which comes to them all puts Tempest in an intolerable position, shakes to the foundations the poise and philosophy of Mrs. Blake, and nearly crushes Trix. All three characters are analyzed with a good deal of subtlety. But the real achievement of the book is its successful portrayal of a man of genius.

The Light of Western Stars. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Bros.

In "Desert Gold" Mr. Grey gave us a stirring melodrama, written against a background of the plains and desert mountains of the Southwest. "The Light of Western Stars" has a similar setting, described with the same imaginative sweep and vigor. But the story itself is far inferior to "Desert Gold." The author has fallen back upon conventional material—the rich and beautiful East-

ern girl transplanted to the West, and the English lord among cowboys. He has taken over his opening situation from Charles Alden Seltzer's "The Trail to Yesterday." In both books the Eastern heroine, arriving alone at night, comes into the power of a more or less drunken cowboy, who forces her to go through the form of a marriage with him by threatening to shoot the priest or minister. In both cases the cowboy turns out to be an admirable man whom the heroine is ultimately glad to claim as a husband. The original suggestion for this situation may perhaps have come from Moody's "The Great Divide." If we add to the conventional elements, borrowings, and repetitions certain up-to-date properties, such as a high-powered automobile and a number of Mexican rebels of the most villainous type, we have summed up the book pretty well.

The Butterfly. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If there are any dull pages in this frolicsome tale, the reviewer did not find them. It is the sort of story that seems to have written itself, for the sheer pleasure of it. Brinsley Butler, the narrator and hero, is a stage-struck but sensible professor of drama in a State university not far from Chicago. When Elaine Arthur, the famous dancer, comes to town, Butler calls upon her fiancé, a classmate of his, in the hope of being invited to meet her. "There is," he begins, "I think you will admit, a certain piquancy about getting kissed by mistake." He never finds out who kissed him, but from the time when, waiting in his classmate's room at the hotel, he has this experience, adventures and mysteries crowd thick upon him. He is suspected of complicity in a murder; he is involved in a scandal and quasi-elopeement; he loses his university position and recovers it through the wiles of the delightfully impossible Elaine. With each succeeding situation the mystery surrounding Elaine grows deeper. All questions are satisfactorily answered; but if the reader can guess the solution, he ought to become a detective. The book is a most entertaining mixture of mystery, fantasy, and farce.

Liliecrona's Home. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a story of more general appeal than anything else by this writer, and her accession to the Nobel honor roll will bring new readers to the translation. It is an idyll full of delicate feeling and fancy, and not without a touch of northern magic. The beloved home of Maia Lisa is on enchanted ground; we are not unduly surprised when her wicked stepmother turns out

to be an evil water-sprite, and vanishes in the ghostly depths of her lost Black Lake. Before that happens, much suffering comes to Maia Lisa. The good old pastor, her father, is under the spell of the malignant spirit who has usurped his home. Not until his daughter's good health, good name, and happiness seem to have been destroyed beyond hope, are his eyes opened.

Maia Lisa is sweet and genuine, the eternal maiden with a personality as real as it is fragile. Liliecrona, her lover, is a less credible person, a ladies' hero, the dark, mysterious male of fiction. He is made a little ridiculous by the inadequacy of the past crime over which he wills to brood. However, Maia Lisa does not see anything absurd in him, his past, or his fiddle, and that is the main thing. Enough for us that in the end she succeeds in winning him out of his dark mood to the heaven of her love, which is fated to be "Liliecrona's home."

THE ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. By Henry Adams. With an Introduction by Ralph Adams Cram. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$6.

Of this unique and fascinating volume it would be difficult to give an adequate idea without quotations more extensive than the limits of this review will permit. The circumstances of its publication were sufficiently unusual to arouse high expectations, wide curiosity, or skeptical doubts, according to one's temperament. Privately printed by Mr. Adams for distribution among his personal friends, it fell into the hands of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the well-known architect, who was so profoundly impressed by its literary charm and its historical as well as artistic importance that he urged the directors of the American Institute of Architects to procure its publication under their *imprimatur*. It is a testimony at once to their wise judgment and to the merits of Mr. Adams's work that they adopted the suggestion; and the compliment thus paid to Mr. Adams is the more signal in the fact that the Institute rarely engages in the publication of extra-official documents, and that it insisted on this undertaking in the face of Mr. Adams's too modest reluctance. The reader or the reviewer may find himself hesitating to follow to the full extent of the superlatives in Mr. Cram's Introduction, but he will certainly understand and pardon its enthusiastic tone, if he possess a spark of responsiveness to Mr. Adams's persuasive humor, or of appreciation for literary charm, or of interest in the history, art, literature, and spirit of the Middle Ages.

The title of the book and its publica-

tion by the Institute of Architects suggest an architectural treatise; but only 197 of its 401 pages are concerned with architecture; the remainder are devoted to the poetry and learning of the Middle Ages. The real subject of the two groups of essays which make up its sixteen chapters is the mediæval spirit in its threefold manifestations in architecture, poetry, and philosophy—chiefly the French mediæval spirit—and the dominant and emphatic note or motive of these studies, though by no means their exclusive note, is the adoration of womanhood, as expressed in the worship of the Virgin, in the poetry of the trouvères, in the history of Abélard and Héloïse, in the "Miracles of Notre Dame," in the plan, details, sculptures, and windows of the Cathedral of Chartres. The author disarms criticism at the outset by his disclaimers of architectural or historical erudition, and by his declared purpose to write not an historical treatise for scholars, but an exposition of French mediæval thought and feeling for "tourists," and these his personal and intimate friends, his collective "niece" as he whimsically explains in his preface. In spite of his disclaimers, the reader, thus hospitably received into the group whom Mr. Adams as Uncle accompanies to the Mont Saint Michel, thence through Normandy to Chartres, and after that through the pages of various poets and scholars, realizes that his guide is a scholar, a profound student of art, literature, and life, and an enthusiast, gifted with a genial and subtle humor that enlivens and illumines every subject he touches. The great merit of the book, however, lies less in its scholarship than in its sympathetic effort to penetrate to the core and kernel of mediæval thought and feeling. One may not agree with the claim for the south tower of Chartres (a claim which the author, indeed, does not specifically endorse, but evidently approves) that "it is the most perfect piece of architecture in the world." The architectural student will certainly wish to correct the statement on page 67 that the dome of St. Peter's at Rome was building between 1507 and 1517, at which time it had not even been designed; and when the author contends, on page 112, that the architect of Chartres "might at least have brought the vaulting of his two new bays, in the nave, down to the ground," the reader detects one of the very few loose and ambiguous statements in the volume. In spite of these, and possibly a very few other minor slips or doubtful assertions, Mr. Adams's architectural analyses and criticisms are accurate and illuminating. In discussing Chartres he places himself in the twelfth century, assumes its point of view as he feels it, gravely credits the Virgin herself with a personal share in its design, and pic-

tures this superb cathedral as her special shrine. "You may," he says, "if you really have no imagination whatever, reject the idea that the Virgin herself made the plan; the feebleness of our fancy is now congenital, organic, beyond stimulant or strychnine, and we shrink like sensitive plants from the touch of a vision or spirit; but at least one can still sometimes feel a woman's taste, and in the apse of Chartres one feels nothing else."

This quotation must suffice for a sample of the flavor of the book. The discussion of the windows of Chartres is delightful and valuable, as is the description of the cathedral itself, and the account of the Mont Saint Michel. The second half of the book is devoted to chapters on The Court of the Queen of Heaven, The Three Queens, Nicolette and Marion, Les Miracles de Notre Dame, Abélard, The Mystics, and Saint Thomas Aquinas. The same genial humor, the same qualities of style, the same point of view, pervade these chapters that characterize the studies of architecture. There are copious quotations of the original texts, with admirable translations set over against each. This review must close without an attempt at criticism of these chapters, leaving that task to scholars specially qualified to pick flaws and correct errors in this field of erudition.

The book is one to be read aloud, or conned by the winter fireside, and he must be a hard-headed and skeptical reader who can wholly resist the insidious lure by which it seeks to draw him out of his twentieth-century sophistication and materialism into the dreams and visions of a by-gone age; into a sympathetic understanding of what we call its superstitions and of the marvellous works which were their fruit.

Nietzsche, sein Leben und seine Werke. By Richard M. Meyer. Munich: C. H. Beck.

The Philosophy of Nietzsche. By Georges Chatterton-Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Henry L. Mencken. Boston: Luce & Co. \$1.50 net.

These three books, which rank in importance in the order above mentioned, have this common feature among others, that they are all products of a sympathetic understanding of Nietzsche's main doctrines. Each is a defensive exposition. Mr. Mencken, in his jauntily written book, which now appears in a third and enlarged edition, goes still further. Adopting all of Nietzsche's philosophy, except the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence, he is chiefly interested in applying it to problems of the present day.

Mr. Chatterton-Hill has produced a thoughtful if not a profound book, and

has succeeded in treating his subject much more objectively than Mr. Mencken. His chapter entitled Theory of Knowledge is a valuable discussion of a point which recent criticism is coming more and more to emphasize, namely, Nietzsche's view of the relativity of truth. The book as a whole seems rather loosely constructed and contains some needless repetitions. There are at least two errors of fact: the date of Nietzsche's death is given as 1899 instead of 1900 (p. 55), and La Rochefoucauld is assigned to the eighteenth instead of the seventeenth century (p. 99).

Professor Meyer, of the University of Berlin, is well known as the author of the standard "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts." He brings to the study of Nietzsche vast general reading, a detailed knowledge of the particular questions at issue, and an almost boundless enthusiasm, which, however, does not wholly blind his critical judgment. His volume comprises nearly 700 pages, exclusive of bibliography and index. The preliminary chapters, dealing with the "fulness of time," the preparation for Nietzsche's appearance, contain some of the most stimulating matter of the whole book. Especially the chapter on Verwandte Naturen suggests many ingenious parallels and comparisons, with perhaps too great leaning on the philosophic and literary side, and not enough regard for scientific movements. Darwin, for instance, who bulks so large in Mr. Mencken's book, receives but scant consideration. About 75 pages only are devoted to biography. The point of greatest interest here is the author's guarded reference to Nietzsche's insanity. He adopts the now generally accepted theory of paresis as against paranoia, though he does not think that the paralysis necessarily went back to venereal infection. Then follows the main section of the book, a discussion of the various writings of Nietzsche in their chronological order.

Professor Meyer is stanch in the opinion that Nietzsche had a coherent philosophy, which, however, was developed vertically rather than horizontally. The vagueness inevitably attendant upon such an unsystematic presentation is the cause of the doubt which still exists, for example, as to the meaning of the term Uebermensch. Was the Uebermensch to be an individual or an ideal for the élite of the race? Those who seek here a definite answer to this question will not be greatly enlightened, for Professor Meyer is almost as wavering and uncertain as Nietzsche himself. His final opinion, however, appears to be that Nietzsche inclined more and more to the collectivistic notion.

The handling of the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence is more satisfactory. It is well known that this came to be

Nietzsche's favorite dogma, and that he embraced it with almost mystic ardor. It added, as Professor Meyer shrewdly points out, just that poetic, irrational touch necessary to convert his philosophy into a religion. The current objection that this doctrine destroys the value of the Uebermensch theory, Professor Meyer is able to refute with convincing neatness. For Nietzsche, he argues, the development of the will to power was more than power itself. Becoming, not being, was his highest ideal. Hence it follows that in his eyes even "progress in a circle" was infinitely preferable to any static condition, even though it were upon the very heights of existence. He also conceived of truth itself in terms of becoming rather than of being. This biological view of truth gives him, in his critic's opinion, an assured position in the history of philosophy, making him in a measure a forerunner of James, Poincaré, M. Bergson, and—*longo intervallo*—Mr. H. G. Wells.

Professor Meyer touches lightly on what is crass and offensive in Nietzsche—his exaggerations and perversions, his intolerance and his intemperate abusiveness. He describes him in terms of hyperbolic praise as "der positivste Denker der Neuzeit" and "der gedankenreichste Schriftsteller, der je gelebt hat," and in the concluding paragraph of the book he adds the amazing statement: "Wir haben die Erneuerung des Reichs erlebt, und wunderbare Grosstaten des erfindenden Menschengelstes, und Friedrich Nietzsche." It appears that to Professor Meyer, although he eschews the name of disciple, Nietzsche has been a moral, intellectual, and artistic tonic.

The appearance of Professor Meyer's book at this late date coincides curiously enough with a marked decline of Nietzsche's influence in Germany, and probably also in the rest of Continental Europe. It is very doubtful whether the book, authoritative as it is in many respects, will do much towards stemming this receding tide. Most people will probably continue to find in Goethe the best of Nietzsche without the latter's aberrations. It should not be forgotten that the term Uebermensch was first used in "Faust," and that the concept itself is there almost full blown. If the gospel of effort, of the unfolding of the will to power, is to be preached, nowhere in Nietzsche has it been better done than in the lines:

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen,

or in those other familiar verses from "Faust," which Mr. Chatterton-Hill is so fond of quoting:

Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das
Leben,
Der täglich sie erobern muss.

We have also from the aged Goethe this brief formulation of the dynamic conception of truth, with its almost star-

ting anticipation of Pragmatism: "Ich habe bemerkt, dass ich den Gedanken für wahr halte, der für mich fruchtbar ist, sich an mein übriges Denken anschliesst, und zugleich mich fördert."

One would be willing to spare a hundred pages or so of Professor Meyer's somewhat diffuse book in exchange for a chapter on Nietzsche's literary influence. But possibly the subject is too large for a mere addendum to the present volume. At any rate, here is a task which is still to be done, and which, competently accomplished, would furnish an illuminating contribution to the criticism of contemporary life and letters.

What Men Live By: Work, Play, Love, Worship. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1 net.

There is little in the style of this New Englander to suggest his Transcendental forebears, yet the spirit of Transcendentalism broods upon his pages. Individuality, fidelity to self, is the cornerstone of his working philosophy, and it must be a creative fidelity, conscious of the mystical or symbolic relations of things. The substance of the book is expressed most compactly in its closing sentences:

Work falls flat, play and art become sterile, love and worship become conventional, unless there is originality, personal creation in each. I must do my job in my own way, find an individual outlet in the symbols of art or game, and an individual answer in love and prayer, if I am to feel at home in the world. Yet this individual note is no cry in the void because it claims brotherhood with all future and distant notes. . . . By originality and symbolism, then, the home of our spirit is consecrated, but still more clearly, perhaps, by our free and final allegiance. Our will is needed to invest the world with its own divinity. We hoist a flag and take possession once for all with a sort of "cosmic patriotism," grateful for our escape from chaos and the dark.

What means have we of escape from the confusion and wear-and-tear of modern life? This would be one way of putting the question to which Dr. Cabot here suggests an answer. He has approached it by the direct road of his own work as a physician. The problems of the care of the tuberculous, the neurasthenic, the unmarried mother, suggested the broader problem. So by degrees it came to him that the only solution was to get back to life, to "real life," a life made up of all the elements which contribute to health of body and spirit. That these elements are four—work, play, love, and worship—he did not fancy to be a discovery of his own, but a truth of which we are all obscurely conscious: "We know where we are travelling, but we need a time-table to remind us of details."

The interplay of these four elements is here presented as "the end of life and the sole worthy end." Governments, systems of education, the cure of soul or of body, are of value as they are directed, consciously or unconsciously, towards such interplay. "This is our justification for the enormous machinery and the costly ugliness of civilization. This is the essential of that 'more abundant life' which many prophets extol without defining." The writer is specific in his protest against attempts to merge or identify these forms of real life. Each of them has its own value and dignity as a means of escape. Work is not play, or love worship, but none is of the utmost efficacy without the others. Work goes a long way by itself with active, sanguine men, but the remedy for sad or anxious ones is more likely to be found elsewhere. In his chapters on the nature and function of work (which he admits is his own favorite remedy), Dr. Cabot is especially vigorous. He distinguishes work from play on the one hand and drudgery on the other; has a word to say for "commercialism"; and sharply challenges the familiar contrast between work of the mind and of the body: "Let us abolish terms like 'physical culture' or 'mental training,'" he cries. "To be concerned with either one's mind or one's body is a morbid practice. One should be occupied with tasks that make us forget both mind and body in the higher union of both." Equally energetic is his denunciation, in the chapter on Play and Its Enemies, of seriousness, once so highly accredited in New England. Seriousness, he says, is one of the many things worth having in the background—and keeping there. Absolute seriousness is "a residual state into which one relapses when one has nothing better to do or say." We are serious when dull or relaxed, just before sleep or just after waking. Playfulness, on the contrary, is a sign of vitality and health, the instinct of re-creation. So far the reader will have no difficulty in accompanying his guide. When, however, after laying down the principle that art and play fulfil the same function, he proceeds to identify them, one's bump of caution begins to throb. Baseball is an art, and is to be grouped with dancing and drama as among the three popular arts of America. The social graces are "minor arts." Humor, speaking, threading one's way deftly in a crowded street, anticipating another's wish, smiling—these are "minor arts." Or "sciences," if we are to use words so loosely!

The chapter Trance in Play begins by describing ecstasy as "the goal and climax to which musician, painter, dancer, poet are leading us." It is a state good in itself, but "if we cling to that climax and try to prolong it, we

may easily slide over into a sort of Nirvana where life is quenched." This is the danger to which the aesthete succumbs, as also practitioners of "swinging, rocking, chewing gum, and any formless type of music, dance, or verse." A slow, monotonous rhythm is narcotizing in effect—"Move on" is the watchword of the Lord, obeyed in every live play and art, as it is in every animal tissue that holds off death by reincarnation."

We have wished merely to suggest the flavor of this book, since it is not a book to be conveyed by citation or summary. The sections dealing with the functions of love and worship are the most difficult portions of the writer's task, but here pure seriousness keeps its rightful place in the background as naturally as in the earlier chapters. In short, the book practices what it preaches, has the unforced humor, the vigor, the blitheness of mental and bodily and spiritual health. In this day of halting phrases and half-thoughts it has the beneficent quality epitomized in that old phrase of Dr. Cabot's fellow-New Englanders: "good for sore eyes."

Government Ownership of Railways. By Samuel O. Dunn, Editor of the *Railway Age-Gazette*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Dunn has written a useful book and its publication is well timed. The information as to government-owned railways in the various countries of the world is given in simple and readable form and bears every appearance of accuracy. The author's discussion of the respective merits of government-owned and privately-owned railways is characterized by moderation of language and sound common-sense, even though it is clear that he is a thoroughly convinced advocate of private ownership and operation.

Naturally, the chief interest in the book is in the light that it throws upon the situation of the United States as a possible field for government ownership. Two main considerations are apparent from Mr. Dunn's facts and arguments. One is that public ownership is the more successful the further the system of government is removed from the democratic ideal. Prussia and Japan are the two countries which make the best showing of government railway operation. The other is that under public ownership the tendency is for rate tariffs (freight) to be made upon a rigid distance basis, as against the principle universally adopted under private ownership—namely, what the traffic should bear. The rate-systems of the United States—about half-a-dozen in number, all mutually connected—have all been constructed on the latter principle under which interregional compe-

tition has been maintained and regional monopoly avoided. The effect of government ownership would be ultimately to establish purely distance tariffs, and this would, ultimately, destroy the interregional competition and establish regional monopoly. Mr. Dunn admits that there is more danger of harmful discrimination under private ownership than under government ownership, but regulation has already removed a good deal of this, and can in time remove most of the rest.

Mr. Dunn quotes Mr. William M. Acworth, the English railway authority, as saying that the United States will approach "the brink of nationalization" more closely than it has yet done, "and will then start back on the edge of the precipice and escape by some road not yet discernible" (p. 5). As a matter of fact, the pending application of the railways in classification territory for a horizontal increase of 5 per cent. in freight rates seems to the reviewer to be a most important milestone on the road to nationalization. If the Interstate Commerce Commission shall recognize the principle that rates may rise as well as fall, then it may be said that the danger of government ownership will be materially less, even though the amount of increase allowed be small. But, on the other hand, should the principle be denied, we shall have advanced a long step nearer to the unwelcome goal. For as soon as it becomes impossible to get a reasonably free supply of private capital for the railway, the demand for government ownership is likely to become vociferous.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Dunn's book may find many readers, meanwhile, for it is a powerful piece of evidence against nationalization of railways—at all events in the United States.

Notes

Among the miscellaneous announcements in Macmillan's spring list are included: "The Story of Phædrus: How We Got the Greatest Book in the World," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "The Flight and Other Poems," by George Edward Woodberry; "The Foothills of Parnassus," by John Kendrick Bangs; "Stories from Northern Myths," by Emilie Kip Baker.

Mississippi Valley Historical Review, a new quarterly published by the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, will begin to appear June 1. The managing editor is Prof. Clarence W. Alvord, of the University of Illinois.

For the enthusiastic student of the works of Thomas Hardy "Thomas Hardy's Wessex" (Macmillan) will be valuable as a book of reference. For any who care to follow for themselves in the footsteps of Tess or Jude or any other of Mr. Hardy's characters through the country that he has made his own, identifying real places and scenes with their

fictitious counterparts, this volume will be quite indispensable. The author, Hermann Lea, has made the Hardy country his hobby for twenty years. He has been over the whole of the ground more than once, and there can hardly be a place mentioned in either the novels or the poems susceptible of identification which has escaped his searching scrutiny. The book is illustrated with 240 excellent photographs, numbered to facilitate reference, and with a map of Hardy's Wessex in which real and fictitious names are distinguished by the use of different type.

In style somewhat like the Tudor and Stuart Library, but in modern type, the Oxford University Press has brought out an edition of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," in John Wilson's translation which was first published in 1668. For frontispiece there is a good photogravure reproduction of the portrait of Erasmus which was painted by Quentin Matsys in 1517 for presentation to Thomas More. The introduction is furnished by Mrs. P. S. Allen, who gives a sufficiently clear and full account of the Fool Literature which was started by Sebastian Brant's "Narrenschiff" in 1494 and went careering over Europe. She tells also the story, so far as it is known, of the conditions under which Erasmus wrote his "Moriae Encomium" while staying at More's house in Bucklersbury. Her comments on the "Encomium" itself are sound, but she might, we think, have developed a little more clearly the idea of the higher illusion which, like Plato's "divine mania," is so strangely mixed up by Erasmus with his amusement over the simpler follies of mankind. It has always seemed to your reviewer that the grace and mischief in the pun on the word *Moria* rested on Erasmus's perception of something like the same mixture in More himself of the divine illusion with a wit that did not always disdain the commoner folly. Mrs. Allen has done well in selecting Wilson's translation rather than Chalonier's or Kennett's. The original spelling has been retained, but the punctuation has been modernized and the text paragraphed. A few coarse words have been omitted.

Those who care to have a fuller account of the hospitable household in which Erasmus wrote his "Praise of Folly" may be glad to hear of Randall Davies's book on "The Greatest House at Chelsea" (Lane). Life in the mansion which Sir Thomas More built for himself in what was then a mere village was on a larger scale than at Bucklersbury, where the famous visit of Erasmus took place, and he himself was more in the eye of the world, but in tone the two establishments were no doubt the same. Mr. Davies comes to his subject as an antiquary and historian, and his pages lack the intimacy of Miss Manning's charming tale of "The Household of Sir Thomas More"; but they have the advantage of not transgressing the actual documents. Diagrams of the mansion and of the grounds and a number of illustrations, including excellent reproductions of Holbein's portraits and the family sketch, lend reality to the narrative. As for the life itself, before the evil days of Henry's persecution, that cannot be better described than by the words of Sir

Thomas in a letter to his wife after the burning of his barns:

Therefore I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God both for that he hath given us and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us, which if it please him he can increase when he will. . . . I pray you with my children and your household be merry in God. . . .

It would be hard to find a prettier phrase in English letters than that last. But this was not the spirit that ruled always in the great house at Chelsea. Some of the vicissitudes through which the place passed may be guessed from the list of its owners given by Mr. Davies in his preface: Sir Thomas More, the first and second Marquises of Winchester, Lord and Lady Dacre, Lord Burghly, Sir Robert Cecil, the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Arthur Gorges, the Earl of Middlesex, the great Duke of Buckingham, the younger Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Bristol, the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Hans Sloan—by the last of whom it was demolished in the year 1740. In that period of barely two centuries it probably saw as much of the various manners of mankind as any house in the neighborhood of London. Mr. Davies, already known for his antiquarian studies of Chelsea, gives a fairly vivid picture of the successive occupants. Not the least interesting of these is the Earl of Lincoln, who, if the letters do him no injustice which Mr. Davies prints by permission of the present Lord Sackville, was as fine a specimen of Elizabethan madness as one would care to know. One of these letters, from Sir Robert Cecil, is a complaint to "Our very good Lord" because, "when her Majesty did lately ride abroad, and was accompanied with the Scottish Ambassador, she was very desirous to have gone into your house and gardens; from whence she was kept out in so rude a fashion, as we protest unto you your enemies wanted not a color to say it was by your direction." Another letter is from Lincoln's stepson to Cecil, complaining in behalf of his mother:

. . . whom he [Lord Lincoln] threatens to abandon if she makes any means to depart his house; which to prevent, he keeps her locked up like a prisoner, without suffering her either to write or hear from any of her friends, having appointed to guard her an Italian, a man that hath done divers murders in Italy and in the Low Countries, from which he fled into England; from whom I protest she has just cause hourly to fear the cutting of her throat.

We cannot follow the further fortunes of the house. The occupant in whom Mr. Davies seems to show the most interest, after its builder, is the Quaker gardener, one Edmund Howard, who took care of the place for a while before the last owner demolished it. From Howard's artless autobiography, which has been published in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, he quotes several quaint passages—a fitting close to a rather unusual book.

Mr. Walter Heape, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has written a volume on the feminist movement, which he approaches as a student of biology. The title of his book, "Sex Antagonism" (Putnam), indicates the aspect of the subject that is uppermost in his mind. The most arrest-

ing feature of his study is his carrying of sex antagonism back historically to the primitive practices of exogamy, which he attributes to "the instinctive sexual impulse of the Male to find a mate who will stimulate him," and of totemism, which he regards as a feminine creation having special relation to maternity. His conclusion is uncompromising: "For the present the man is very patient with his woman-kind, and is remarkably silent concerning the discomforts he himself is subject to; perhaps for these very reasons he will act with all the more force when the proper time comes for action."

If Mrs. John Clarence Lee had intentionally striven to prejudice her readers against her story of "Across Siberia Alone" (Lane), it is difficult to see how she could have chosen a more effective way than her selection of an American wedding in Shanghai for her first chapter. This chapter is ultra-personal, it is supra-sentimental, it is everything that the rest of the book is not. From the moment that she starts on her trans-Siberian trip at Dalny, one reads with delight, and one has no desire to stop until Moscow and the end of the little book is reached. Somewhere the writer mentions Marie Claire, and it is a great compliment to say that in this work we find the same strong simplicity, the same elusive attraction. The traveller has no greater adventures than over-presuming officers and objectionable "persons," but every happening, however trivial, both on the train and at the two-day stops in Irkutsk and Tomsk, is of keen interest. The vast waste of this great continent, the few splendid cities built chiefly by exiles, political and criminal, the omnipresent soldier, and the peasant and his poverty are all made very vivid and real, and one closes the book with more facts fixed firmly in mind than would result from the perusal of many more pretentious but less clearly written volumes.

Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has gathered into a volume entitled "Clio, a Muse, and Other Essays, Literary and Pedestrian" (Longmans) eight papers written by him in the last few years. The most important, "Clio, a Muse," gives a survey, brief but illuminating, of the different fashions which have prevailed in the writing of history during the past two centuries. Coming down to recent times, he shows how history cannot be a "science," in spite of the common delusion that whatever is examined by the "scientific method" must be a "science." He shows also how the study of documentation, the analysis and criticism of "sources," is no more history than the physiological examination of the parts of the body is portraiture. He makes an effective plea for the imagination, and, naturally, he concludes that history, in the high sense, must be "literature." The various studies which are passed off as history, though they may be valuable each in its field, flourish with borrowed plumes. Nobody mistakes a doctor's thesis on Chaucer's metre for poetry; but the corresponding mistake is common among the professors of history. Mr. Trevelyan characterizes in a few pregnant pages the principal English histo-

rians of the last century. He sees signs of a change in England, where a revulsion from Teutonic pedantry has resulted in the revival of the noble conception of history. A similar revival has already made headway in France. With what is perhaps unconscious sarcasm, Mr. Trevelyan tells the "scientific historians" that the literary side of history, which they pretend to despise, demands hard labor. His essay is very lively and ought to be read by every teacher of history. Lovers of good writing will read it anyhow. Of the other papers, that on George Meredith deserves particular mention, and the speculation on what would have happened if Napoleon had won Waterloo is ingenious.

To write a history of "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition" (Brentano's) in English in these days, and ignore the fact that the late Henry Charles Lea ever contributed anything to our knowledge of the subject, demands a perhaps unenviable courage. This feat, however, has been performed by M. Rafael Sabatini; at least, there is no indication, either in his footnotes or in his fairly ample bibliography, that he ever read or even heard of the masterly four volumes of the "History of the Inquisition of Spain." Yet, on the other hand, it would be most unjust to imply that Mr. Sabatini's work is entirely without merit. He partially atones for ignorance of Lea by a very considerable acquaintance with the various Spanish writers, ancient and modern, on his subject (Llorente and Fidel Fita are his main reliance). His work is certainly non-partisan—"written neither in the Catholic interest, the Protestant interest, nor the Jewish interest." The author "holds the view that on the score of intolerance it is not for Christians to cast a stone at Jews, nor Jews at Christians, nor yet Christians of one sect at Christians of another." And lastly, Mr. Sabatini's book is interesting. The personal element is emphasized throughout, while the institutional side falls into the background; a number of characteristic anecdotes (taken from such writers as Pulgar and Bernaldez without any effort to test their veracity) add vividness and life. The valuable account of the trial of Yucé Franco, published by Fidel Fita in the *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia*, is now made accessible to English readers for the first time. The illustrations are well chosen and well executed. Mr. Sabatini's book is scarcely to be regarded as serious history; but for those whose stomachs are not strong enough to digest Mr. Lea's great work it will prove a not entirely unworthy substitute.

A very satisfactory piece of work is Dr. J. I. Gorfinkle's edition of "The Eight Chapters of Maimonides on Ethics" (Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner). Maimonides is important not only for the history of Jewish mediæval ethical philosophy, but also for the whole European ethical thought of the period, and his "Shemonah Perakim" ("Eight Chapters") gives his system briefly and clearly. To make the work easily accessible to Jews it was necessary that it should be translated into Hebrew, and this task was well performed by

Ibn Tibbon, a contemporary of Maïmonides. But in the course of time the text of his translation became corrupt, and a critical edition was desirable. Such an edition is here offered by Dr. Gorfinkle, who has consulted numerous manuscripts and printed editions and compared these with the Arabic original, having throughout the competent aid of Professor Gottheil and Dr. Henry Malter. The Hebrew text is amply provided with textual notes; an annotated English translation is added, and in an Introduction the editor gives an outline of the thought of the treatise. The small well-printed volume will be welcome to students of the history of ethical philosophy.

The three large volumes of "Unpublished Correspondence of Napoleon I, Preserved in the War Archives," which Ernest Picard and Louis Tuetey have recently edited under the superintendence of the Historical Section of the French Army Staff, have been issued in attractive English translation (Duffield). The commissions appointed by Napoleon III, which published the official thirty-two-volume edition of Napoleon I's Correspondence during the Second Empire, were sensitive about revealing material which might tarnish the glory of the founder of the Imperial Dynasty; they, therefore, omitted such documents as were deemed politically inadvisable. Others were omitted because the material was so vast in amount. Since the completion of the official edition in 1869, therefore, there have appeared many small supplementary collections of Napoleon I's unpublished letters, of which the most important are those by Hüffer, Bingham, Du Casse, Schlossberger, Lecestre, and Brotonne. A full bibliography of them is conveniently given by the present editors in their introduction; to it should be added Arthur Chuquet's "Ordres et Apostilles du Napoléon I" (3 vols. 1911-12).

The 4,942 documents which Picard and Tuetey publish are all from the archives of the War Department, and are arranged chronologically from December 4, 1804, the date of the coronation, to the close of the year 1810. They cover the campaigns of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and the beginning of the troubles in Spain and Portugal. They do not throw much light on the tactics of battles, because Napoleon's orders on the field of battle went directly to commanding officers and did not find their way back to the archives in Paris. They do contain an invaluable mass of material upon the preliminary strategy of the campaigns as seen in the orders for the assembling and movement of troops. They exhibit Napoleon's superhuman mastery of detail—his untiring attention to shoes, saucepans, overcoats, biscuits, and fortifications, as well as to men, money, and guns. These documents are thus an invaluable source for a study of his genius as an organizer of armies. They moreover illustrate his generosity in pardoning and restoring officers to command and in making money gratuities, his personal influence over his men, his care to prevent straggling and disorder in the rear, and his heavy contributions levied on conquered peoples.

These documents are, however, only a supplement to the official edition of the Correspondence (still untranslated), and must be used in connection with it. The lack of an index is regrettable.

In "Madame Tallien," translated into English with illustrations (Lane), a French journalist, L. Gastine, describes at length the wanton career of a young woman who was regarded by her contemporaries as one of the most beautiful of creatures. Theresia Cabarrus, of Bordeaux, wife and divorcée in turn of the émigré Marquis de Fontenay, and of the Terrorist and traitor to the Terror, Tallien, finally settled down after 1805 with a third regular husband, the Prince de Chimay. As Princess de Chimay she lived much of her later life at Brussels and died in 1835. She was the mother of eleven children who bore various surnames; seven of them were perhaps really the children of her legal husbands. The easiness of her virtue was so notorious that even Bonaparte would not have her at his imperial court, though she had been the intimate friend of Josephine and though Tallien had stood as one of the witnesses of his marriage to Josephine. Writers hitherto, notably Arsène Houssaye in the biographical fantasy of *La Belle Tallien* entitled "Notre Dame de Thermidor," have woven a mass of legend about Tallien and his wife, who were regarded as the instruments of Robespierre's overthrow on the Ninth Thermidor. M. Gastine ruthlessly tears this legend to shreds. He condemns Tallien as either the ringleader or the accomplice in the hideous massacres of August and September, 1792, in the butcheries of La Vendée, in the cowardly, treacherous deportations under the Directory, and in wholesale robberies which brought many families to starvation and death. "It is revolting that such a wretch should have been suffered to live on till he was fifty-three." The chief traits of his beautiful wife appear to have been her vanity, immorality, and unscrupulousness. Though the author overshoots his mark with exaggerations and repeated denunciations, and though he does not always carry conviction because of lack of logic or of documentary authority, his book is nevertheless of value as a corrective to the uncritical, legendary accounts of the Talliens which have obtained hitherto.

In "Our Southern Highlanders" (Outing Publishing Company), Mr. Horace Kephart has written a faithful and readable account of a highly interesting people. For a century and more these mountaineers have needed a pen which should tell their story plainly. A too plentiful fiction, liberally besprinkled with "we-uns" and "you-uns," and cast in romantic form, has misrepresented them long enough, and made them the object of popular astonishment. Mr. Kephart's book is virtually a journal of his several years' stay in the Southern Appalachian Mountains. The highlanders—a name unknown to them—are a people of a century ago, both in manners and customs. But it must also be remembered that they are perhaps the most self-reliant of any group of people in this country, are hardy, and have many virtues. Their

"blood-guiltiness" and their violence with rifle or pistol have been overdone in the popular mind. In reality, they are an easy people to get along with, if one does not offend their dignity and self-respect; and a traveller stopping with them is absolutely safe. They are hospitable, and, if the questioner is honest in his inquiry, they are frank. Mr. Kephart brings out all these points, and makes clear, as well, the entertaining quaintness of their talk and life. The reviewer knows of no better story-tellers in the world than these mountaineers, especially when recounting a hunt, like the account given by Mr. Kephart. The larger part of the book is devoted to the anecdotal description.

A fifth volume, embracing titles from Polytechnics to Zwingli, of "A Cyclopedia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Paul Monroe, completes the work. As a reference book for facts in educational history and biography and concerning national and State systems of public instruction and educational institutions, the work fills a distinct want and is of unquestioned value. There has been no work of similar scope in our language, and the seeker for information concerning the educational organization of Wisconsin or Utah, or Russia or Uruguay, and the inquirer who has need to learn the denominational affiliation of William Jewell College or the date of Emma Willard's petition to the Legislature of New York, will hereafter turn naturally to this encyclopedia. The biographical notes are good, with excellent bibliographies, especially noteworthy in the present volume being the article on Rousseau. Dr. Ellwood P. Bubberley's articles also on the educational systems of several States are comprehensive and concise. A large amount of information is contained in the articles on Universities and American State Universities. Subjects related to practical and industrial education receive the emphasis, rather than topics of interest in classical and liberal culture. Virgil and Xenophon find mention in the present volume, although together they are accorded less space than either the Ventilation of Schools or Education for the Secretarial Profession. The radical school superintendent, who desires to introduce classes in millinery and shop-work, will find help for his propaganda, while the old-fashioned master, who is striving to keep alive on the earth a knowledge of the Greek tongue, can only be grateful that he has not been entirely forgotten. There is entire absence of criticism in the articles on the various institutions; many of them read like a prospectus or a section of the catalogue, and were written by interested officials. Consistency has not always been maintained, the article on the State of Vermont stating that "the State maintains no higher institutions of learning of its own," while the following article describes the University of Vermont as a State institution.

The first illustrated edition of Macaulay's "History of England" is in process of publication (Macmillan). It is to be in six large volumes. The first, which has just appeared, contains above seventy illustrations, besides a dozen full-page plates in

color. In the preface to this volume, the editor, Charles Harding Firth, regius professor of modern history at Oxford, sets forth the principle governing the selection of the illustrations. These include portraits of both the leading and the minor personages of the time covered, caricatures, maps and plans, places and buildings, broadsides, ballads, and autographs. Rude engravings now and then are not scorned, since they are sometimes the only pictures obtainable; sometimes they represent the popular conception of some prominent figure. All sorts of collections, famous and obscure, have been drawn upon, among them the National Portrait Gallery, of which Macaulay was one of the original trustees; the medals struck in England, France, and Holland, some of which were satirical; and private possessions. Especially interesting are pictures which Macaulay himself had in mind when he wrote, as "the drawings of English landscapes made for the Grand Duke Cosmo," broadsides which he mentions in his footnotes, and ballads from the Pepys Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, which, although least known of all the great collections, was consulted by Macaulay more than any other. The editor, while recognizing the desirability of a critical edition of the History, has not thought "an illustrated edition of a British classic . . . the proper place for a critical commentary." He seems to promise one, however, in saying that "it has seemed best to reserve any critical observations for a separate publication." The volume which has appeared contains examples of all of the various sorts of illustrations mentioned above, beautifully reproduced. To say how much such well-chosen pictures add to the interest and the value of the text is unnecessary.

Major-Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Surveyor of Customs at Portland, Me., since 1900, who died on February 24, was born at Brewer in 1828. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1852, and received an A.M. degree in 1855. In the same year he was graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Pennsylvania College in 1866, and from Bowdoin in 1869. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Twentieth Maine Infantry on August 8, 1862, and colonel on May 20, 1863. He served with great distinction through the Civil War, in the course of which he was awarded the Congressional medal of honor for conspicuous gallantry at Gettysburg, was promoted by General Grant to a brigadier-generalship on the field of battle at Petersburg, and was brevetted a major-general, United States Volunteers, March 29, 1865, being appointed to command the parade at the formal surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox in the following month. After the war he was elected Governor of Maine, and served from 1866-71. Before the war General Chamberlain was professor of rhetoric and oratory at Bowdoin from 1856-62, and at the close of the war he served in the same capacity, and from 1871-83 he was president. He was United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1878. General Chamberlain was a member of numerous historical societies, and was the author

of a number of books dealing with historical and political topics.

The Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D.D., regius professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and canon of Christ Church since 1883, died on Thursday of last week. Dr. Driver was born in 1846, and was educated at Winchester College and at New College, Oxford. He was placed in the first class in the School of Literæ Humaniores in 1869; was Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholar, 1866; Kennicott Hebrew Scholar, 1870, and gained the Houghton Syriac prize, 1872. He became a fellow of New College in 1870, and was fellow and tutor from 1875 to 1883. He received the following honorary degrees: D.Litt., Dublin, 1892; D.D., Glasgow, 1901; Aberdeen, 1906; Litt.D., Cambridge, 1905. From 1876 to 1884 he was a member of the Old Testament Revision Company. He became a fellow of the British Academy in 1902, and a corresponding member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences in 1910. He was the author of numerous treatises on Biblical and Hebraic subjects, among which may be mentioned his "Isaiah: His Life and Times," 1893; "An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," 1909; "Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Books of Samuel," 1912. He was also joint-editor of the Holy Bible, with various renderings and readings from the best authorities, 1888; and joint author of "A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament," 1906.

Science

Commercial Gardening. Edited by John Weathers. London: Gresham Publishing Co. 4 vols.

When we consider the time, skill, and thought devoted by the English to their gardens, it is not surprising that one of the most complete works in this field published in recent years should have come to us by way of London. The editor, himself a commercial gardener of note, has associated with him in his work ten other experts of the soil, each of whom adds his own informing account of a particular specialty. The first volume takes up in order the science of plant growing, the method of propagation, and the different soils in an interesting and readable way, especially from the botanist's point of view. The chapters on manures are full of valuable aid, and in them we are cautioned against the pitfall so many of us (who are too busy to experiment in our gardens or too willing to take the last word of the fertilizer agent) are prone to fall into, namely, the assumption that because a crop like turnips, for instance, takes up from the soil 112 pounds of nitrogen, 33 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 148 pounds of potash, therefore those different plant foods must be returned to the soil forthwith in the form of commercial fertilizer or stable manure. As a matter of fact, "the

soil is by no means deficient in these foods," and "in the Broadbalk Field, Rothamsted"—that world-famous agricultural experiment station—"it has been found that a soil which had been cropped, but not manured for fifty years, still contained 2,500 pounds of nitrogen, 2,750 pounds phosphoric acid, 6,750 pounds potash, and 62,250 pounds of lime to the acre at a depth of nine inches." Certainly these figures are remarkable, and our cultivators would do well to bear them in mind. Mr. Weathers then goes on to point out that if the money spent on a ton of "special" artificial manure for one acre were spent in digging the soil to the depth of one foot, it would bring from seven to ten acres into a most satisfactorily fertile condition.

Insects, both beneficial and injurious, are discussed at length, and it is put very forcibly before the reader that, "although Nature has sent many insects to plague the cultivator of plants, it has also provided antidotes in the way of birds of all kinds—ichneumon flies, ladybirds, lacewing flies, tiger and other beetles, frogs, toads, lizards, hawk flies, spiders, and even slugs—by which they may be kept in check. Unfortunately"—and here the author sounds a note of warning which we in America have even more reason to heed than our English cousins—"with the many poisonous washes now in use . . . the cultivator is slaughtering his friends as well as his enemies. Indeed, he is practically not even on speaking terms with his friends, and in many cases would not recognize them as such if he saw them. It would, indeed, be well worth while to make a special effort to cultivate colonies of ladybirds, ichneumon flies, lacewing flies, and hawk flies, especially as these, by sheer force of numbers, would readily suppress the various destructive aphides and caterpillars."

The second volume is devoted to the raising of hardy and semi-hardy herbaceous plants, bulbs, and flowers suitable for marketable purposes, arranged alphabetically, and to this formidable list are added plants for the greenhouse as well as water plants. This admirable arrangement enables the garden-lover to look up at his ease the exact plants desired and to find full information concerning them as to seed, care, and general cultivation.

The third volume is wholly given over to fruits, and while the introductory chapters, giving the cost of starting a commercial orchard in England, are interesting and informing, we turn instinctively to that part of the book which describes minutely the growing of those luscious small fruits and wall-grown peaches, plums, and pears so often seen in England; for where is the real garden-lover who does not long for

a row of the magnificent English gooseberries, not the green, sour, puckery kind with which we are so unfortunately familiar, but the large red and white ones, the size of blackberries? The thought of an acre of gooseberries yielding four tons and a profit of \$125 net is not unpleasant, but most of us would be satisfied if, after reading Mr. Weather's directions, we might find ourselves with a modest row of three or four healthy bushes.

In the first part of the last volume we find advice as to the growth of trees, shrubs, vines, and woody climbers, directed to the nurseryman and his customers. Like the list of flowers, this is alphabetically arranged, and although we are not told, except in a general way, how to cultivate and care for these trees and shrubs, yet those of us who are lovers of such plants know full well that the essential point in the case is always whether the particular specimen we are ambitious to grow is suited to our local climatic conditions, and as no general treatise could possibly attempt to throw light on such a point we think the author showed judgment in confining himself merely to a general and practical description. The remainder of this volume is devoted to vegetable gardening, and here every step is carefully taken up. We are told the secrets of hothouse management, and how to start and operate a French garden successfully, which requires a capital outlay of about £630 for two acres, while the returns run about £860.

Special mention should be made of the beautiful colored plates and excellent photographs throughout the book, and also of the chapter on garden surveying, levelling, and the useful mensuration tables. Nothing has been overlooked in these volumes, yet the author has condensed his great mass of material into a practical and useful book, both for business and pleasure.

The death was recently announced of Horace Bolingbroke Woodward, the eminent geologist and authority on British stratigraphy. Mr. Woodward, who was born in London in 1848, was for some time an assistant in the library and museum of the Geological Society, and in 1867 joined the Geological Survey, where he was best known for his work on the strata of the Jurassic age. He was president of the Geologists' Association, 1893-94, and in 1909 the great prize of the Geological Society, the Wollaston gold medal, was awarded him. Mr. Woodward was an industrious writer, of much literary ability. Among his principal works may be mentioned his "Geology of England and Wales," and his edition of Stanford's "Geological Atlas," as well as several survey memoirs, including three volumes on the Jurassic rocks.

Prof. Georg Joachimsthal, of the University of Berlin, director of the Berlin University Hospital for Cripples, died on Sunday in his fifty-third year. Profes-

sor Joachimsthal was one of the foremost experts in Germany on physical malformations, and was the author of numerous works bearing on the subject.

Drama

SHAKESPEARE AT THE SAVOY.

LONDON, February 20.

When the manager of the London theatre is in doubt, he plays Shakespeare—unless he happens to be Sir George Alexander, when Oscar Wilde is his winning card. It comes, therefore, as no surprise that to an unusually dull season Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy should now offer what brand-new relief they can with the latest version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—at the Savoy. Not that they have much dulness themselves to atone for; except for an occasional indiscretion, like Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," their performances are among the best worth seeing in London. Few other managers have as stimulating a record, and it must be admitted by the most amiable critic that the present dramatic season has so far been an empty one.

It needs but a glance at the principal theatres to understand the need of something to stir the London dramatic world out of its lethargy. At the Little Theatre is Chesterton's "Magic," childish in plot, full of the cheap cleverness and cheaper paradox Shaw brought into fashion, saved by one delightful piece of acting—Fred Lewis's impersonation of an inconsequent duke. This play has received a new lease of life by a reduction in the price of seats, and is advertised by the portraits not so much of the author as of the author's large Falstaffian paunch. To such depths has the serious drama fallen that the dramatic author refuses to allow the actor the undisturbed monopoly of personal glory in advertisement, but, making capital of a physical peculiarity, amounting almost to deformity, adorns the inner walls of the theatre with caricatures and photographs of himself, and the outer walls with his silhouette on the posters.

At the St. James's, Sir George Alexander struggles with poor success to give life to the English translation of Bernstein's "Attack," a drama that is as the poles apart from English life and English thought, and it is no surprise to hear that the end of the struggle is announced for next month. Tree, at His Majesty's, has returned to a previous triumph, "The Darling of the Gods," Japanese and Chinese themes being in favor for the moment. The Authors' Producing Society, discovering no home genius to encourage, turns to Brieux as the present exponent of thought and

progress. At the Queen's, Hale Hamilton, a delightful actor if he finds the farce or comedy to give him a fair chance, has been showing, with "The Fortune-Hunter," just the sort of play it is a mistake for America to export to London, or to exploit at home, for that matter. It is a play that seemed to take me back to the remote days of "Solon Shingle," or "Lord Dundreary," or any other of the old-fashioned machines that had nothing to do with the expression of character, but everything with its exaggeration. I have read in the last number of the *North American Review* that the American dramatist is now concerned with ideas and literature, but I, as an American, deplore the care he takes to conceal the fact in the examples of his work that cross the Atlantic. At the Royalty, C. B. Fernald's "Pursuit of Pamela," now finishing its run, shows that there is one American—though his work is now less identified with America than with London, where he lives—who has some respect for literature; for it is the literary touch in the dialogue, and the feminine charm of the principal character, as well as the author's good fortune in finding in Miss Gladys Cooper the right actress for the part, that give vitality to a comedy so light and graceful that, without the right interpretation, there would be little of its lightness and grace left on the all too solid boards of the English stage. At the Kingsway, or just moving from it, Lydia Yavorska, the Russian Princess Bariatinsky, is playing to crowded houses a travesty of "Anna Karenina" and making up by a lavish display of the latest fashions for whatever is wanting in her acting and whatever may hurt the sensitive ear in the harshness of her English. At the Strand, "Mr. Wu," after first failing to please the public fancy, has taken strong hold, as it deserves to do, for, though not distinguished as drama, it has its merit and its strength as melodrama, supplying at least one good thrill; and emotion of any kind is about the last thing the London theatre nowadays abounds in. The fact that whatever interest I have found of late in this theatre should centre about a melodrama helps to explain to the puzzled critic why the legitimate drama has such hard work to compete with the music-hall and the "cinema," and also, incidentally, why the time has come for that periodical revival of Shakespeare upon which it depends for a periodical revival of popularity.

As the present revival is due to Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy, it is almost superfluous to add that its chief interest is spectacular or pictorial, for the memory is still fresh of their rendering of "A Winter's Tale" and of "Twelfth Night," in both of which the interest was concentrated upon the set-

ting rather than upon the acting. But, indeed, when the popularity of Shakespeare to-day is analyzed, no one can question that it is less Shakespeare than the new use made of Shakespeare to which he owes his irresistible attraction—less the beauty of this scene or that than curiosity as to whether it will be omitted or restored, less the music or philosophy in the verse than the costume of the actor who recites it. It is because the chances for infinite variety in the interpretation are so many that Shakespeare proves an invariable draw. I cannot imagine that anybody could any longer sit, as we sat in my youthful days, through those *macaronic* performances, when the famous Italian actor would give us on our American stage his Hamlet or Macbeth or Othello in Italian, while a company made up of the veriest hacks that could be got together would present the rest of the cast in English. Under those conditions only interest in the play, or reverence for the poet, made Shakespeare endurable. Revive the conditions, and I question whether as dramatist he would now outlive them—whether, at a crisis, he would save the situation. You have only to listen to his verse as delivered by the actors at the Savoy to realize how little he counts with them in comparison to the dress they put on to spout his lines in, and the stage upon which they strut for the spouting. The last thing the English actor seems to learn is how to use his voice. It is the first thing the French actor is taught, which is why the longest rhodomontades of Racine may become music in his mouth. In the mouth of the English actor, Shakespeare is usually unintelligible rubbish. The beautiful lines in the “*Midsummer Night's Dream*,” as a rule, are delivered in much the same see-saw sing-song that is now the classic delivery on the English pantomime stage. Even Lillah McCarthy, as Helena, fails to get much meaning or any rhythm into her longest or shortest speech.

But if the actors' voices were trained to express the finest shades in Shakespeare, the honest critic would still have to confess that “*A Midsummer Night's Dream*,” as a play, drags heavily in parts. It has scenes of great beauty, scenes of genuine humor; it transports us to a fairyland full of fragrant flowers and sweet conceits, where it is always pleasant to wander. But it has also scenes of deplorable tediousness, scenes that are no better than handy pegs upon which the fairy interlude is rather clumsily hung. The rustics pall after a time; the lovers are sad bores; the mortals are almost all the fools Puck finds them. So many liberties are taken with Shakespeare that the wise stage manager might be forgiven were he to go as little further than his predecessors and cut down the play ruth-

lessly, sacrificing everything save its loveliness and its poetry, which would then fill one crowded hour with sheer delight.

As it is, at the Savoy, the play most certainly is not the thing. Nevertheless, the performance gives one plenty to think about. There is no reason why in the theatre the eye should not be pleased as well as the ear. The Greeks knew it when they built their theatres open to the sky and within sight of the sea, or under the shadow of the hills. The modern reformer of the theatre can talk and preach of hardly anything else, though when it comes to settling just what should please the eye, he reveals his limitation as a prophet. Reinhardt, the much-vaunted, runs to excess almost as inartistically as does Tree at His Majesty's. Gordon Craig, basing practice on an irreproachable theory, runs to affectation. He advocates simplicity, but understands it so little that his simplicity disturbs and annoys, where the Greek simplicity rested, the eye. At the Savoy, Granville Barker, or I should say Norman Wilkinson, who is responsible for the “*decoration of the play*,” is modern enough to have aimed at simplicity above all, and not Greek enough to attain his aim without tumbling headforemost into affectation.

The general scheme at the Savoy is admirable: it fails in detail. The stage is the now familiar “*apron-stage*” used for such revivals. The woodwork enclosing it and the drop curtain are white and severe, giving the theatre as a result the feeling of repose that you get in a room with pale bare walls and little furniture. The scenery is scarcely more elaborate. Painted curtains are the background for the shorter scenes. Trees, in long strips of rich blue and green curtain, fall against an unbroken flat hanging of purple, and, in a formal design, surround the space in the wood where Titania sleeps or holds her revels, and the lovers come wandering, busy with their foolish game of cross-purposes. The palace of Athens is an affair of stately white steps, and white columns just touched with black, and behind them walls of black and rose and white. Neither palace nor woodland is like anything belonging to real life, and for that reason is all the more in keeping with the fantasy of fairyland. But this simple setting—simple, that is, in intention—has its disturbing elements. It is difficult to get altogether away from the artist who designed it, to lose one's self in fairyland. Fairyland seems bewilderingly burdened with the most modern fads and fashions. One curtain, in its embroidered pattern, suggests a return to Morris's mediævalism; another recalls a Japanese print; a third savors of the Post-Impressionist's landscape. Memories of Gordon Craig and of Ricketts hang about woodland

and palace. Fantastic the “*Midsummer Night's Dream*” may and should be, but not a puzzle to set the audience groping for the clue to its jumble of styles and fancies.

It would be absurd to criticise the costumes for archaeological inaccuracy or inappropriateness. Mortals and fairies are as free to dress as they will in Shakespeare's Athens as in his Bohemia by the sea, and very picturesquely they profit by this freedom under Mr. Wilkinson's direction. The fairies strike a distinctly new note. No more by wings and wands alone are they to be distinguished from mere mortals, but by their color. For they are golden fairies, golden from head to toe, their hair and faces as golden as their raiment. And the effect is not only novel, it is beautiful. Moreover, their faces are so carefully painted that as they pose, standing or sitting, motionless when mortals draw near, a high light seems to fall here and there on a cheek or a nose or a brow, and figures and groups are turned into bronze. In the midst of these fantastic bronze beings Puck flutters to and fro, a brilliant streak of scarlet, his face ungilded—a link between the golden fairies and the mortals clad in garments of many colors and many fashions—garments that run to crude crimsons and yellows, to shapeless tunics, to peg-top trousers, to grotesque helmets, to all the eccentricities now in vogue on the ultra-modern stage. So clad, the mortals make a restless, chaotic crowd, leaving beauty to the fairies, seeking to charm by the ugliness, the discord that gives the keynote to modern self-conscious art. The variety of conflicting influences grows wearisome as the play goes on, forcing you to forget Athens and Shakespeare. Throughout, costume and pose are forever recalling Beardsley as the chief source, to whom the most modern of modern innovators owe their inspiration. You see him everywhere—in the gay, distorted little form of Mustard Seed as in the outline of some golden figure set against the white wall; in the long, stringy hair as in the huge bows on the shoes of mortals and fairies; in the daintily dotted muslin of a tunic as in those irrepressible peg-top trousers. It is extraordinary how many are the proofs of the growth of his influence with the years.

The music and the dances, arranged by Cecil Smith, bring still another element into this curious medley, for these are of English folk origin, the “*Bergamask*,” as solemn and humorous a dance as has ever been danced on any stage, an irresistible bit of fun and gayety with which to end probably the most interesting version of the “*Midsummer Night's Dream*” seen in the modern theatre. But the interest is too long-spun-out to last: that is a great

fault of this new version. A greater fault is the sense of effort felt from beginning to end—the effort to be at the very topmost height of every modern fashion in art. This has no place in fairyland or in Shakespeare's Athens. In the attempt to rescue the stage from the exaggeration of modern realism, its valiant deliverers threaten to precipitate it into a worse exaggeration of the last fad, the last artificial pose in what is called modern art. N. N.

Prof. C. M. Gayley's second volume of "Representative English Comedies" (Macmillan), appearing a full decade after the publication of its predecessor, deals with the later contemporaries of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson, as he would doubtless agree was only proper, is represented by three plays out of the five, "Every Man in His Humour," "The Silent Woman," and "The Alchemist"; he is a collaborator also in the fourth, "Eastward Hoe," along with Marston and Chapman; and the fifth, "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," is by an unknown hand. All of these plays are accessible elsewhere, but it is something to have them assembled, with sound texts and special introductions by scholars of distinction, and prefaced by a substantial essay from the pen of the general editor. In the course of this, Professor Gayley finds no cause to question the judgment of the world, which has treasured the comedies of Shakespeare, but has willingly let die, so far as the public stage is concerned, all but one, Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts," of the 250 comedies produced by his later contemporaries. But Professor Gayley endeavors to explain it partly by an analysis of contemporary theatrical conditions and partly by a critical examination of the comedies themselves. The present study concerns itself chiefly with Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. A third volume, soon to appear, will consider the work of Fletcher, Dekker, Middleton, and Heywood.

The matter of the "stage quarrel" or the "war of the theatres," upon the intricacies of which Professor Gayley does not enter, finds fuller illustration in Prof. Josiah H. Penniman's edition of Jonson's "Poetaster" and Dekker's "Satiromastix" in the Belles-Lettres series (Heath). Of all the plays which ingenious conjecture has drawn into the outbreak of personal satire indulged in by some of the leading playwrights during the two years before and after the turn of the century, only these two are clear documents in the case. Whether Marston made fun of Gabriel Harvey, and Jonson of Anthony Monday, and both of them of Daniel, we can scarcely be certain; the boundaries between personal and general satire are not easily discernible at this distance. What may have been Shakespeare's part in the matter, for he bore a part, is also far from clear, but we at least know that Jonson confessed himself "provoked," and in the "Poetaster," acted in 1601, staged Marston as Crispinus, and Dekker as Demetrius. At the end of the play, in Caesar's presence, Horace (Jonson) administers a dose which purges the wretched Crispinus of

his "wild outlandish terms"—"magnificate," "prorumped," "obstupefact," and the like. Dekker replied by inserting into a comedy he apparently had on hand some scenes which set forth Horace struggling in the throes of composition and crowned at last, in the presence of the triumphant Crispinus and—no less—of William Rufus, with stinging nettles for "his stinging wit." Eventually, the matter was patched up, for Marston dedicates his "Malcontent" to Jonson in 1604, and the next year Jonson goes to jail with Chapman and Marston, for making sport of King James in their joint comedy, "Eastward Hoe." Professor Penniman brings all this discussion down to date.

The reported engagement by Charles Frohman, for a long term, of Phyllis Neilson-Terry is an interesting item of theatrical intelligence. It would be unwise, perhaps, to accept at their full face value all the printed encomiums upon her acting in the London press, but there is every reason to believe that she is an actress of rare natural ability and unusual physical charm. Her father belongs to a family famous on the stage for generations, while her mother, Julia Neilson, if she has never quite fulfilled the promise of her earliest years, has won an enviable reputation in comedy and emotional romance. Miss Neilson-Terry has already taken her place among the most popular leading ladies of the day, and has found critical acceptance, not only in Shakespeare—as Juliet, Rosalind, and Viola—but in the heroines of Goldsmith and Sheridan.

King George has become the patron of the London Garrick Club, in succession to King Edward, who was president from 1867 until his accession, when he became the patron. The Garrick Club was instituted in 1831 "for the general patronage of the drama; for the purpose of combining a club on economical principles with the advantages of a literary society; for the formation of a theatrical library and works on costume; and also for bringing together the patrons of the drama and gentlemen eminent in their respective circles." Its original home was in King Street, Covent Garden, where Douglas Jerrold, Charles Dickens, Albert Smith, Thackeray, Robert Keeley, Charles Kean, Clarkson Stanfield, and a number of other celebrities of the time assembled.

Sir Herbert Tree will be seen, next autumn, in a new dramatization of "David Copperfield," by L. N. Parker. It has been so arranged that he will be able to double the parts of Peggotty and Micawber.

The London Times pays a strong tribute to the acting of Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot." It says:

His conception of the part is a wonderfully powerful dramatic study. Mr. Whiteside has played the part in America for three years past, and one feels that the actor himself has fallen under the spell of the ideas which Mr. Zangwill puts forward. He suggested with great skill the nervous, dreamy temperament of the young Jew emigrant, and in the one really dramatic scene which is afforded him—when he finds that the father of his Gentile lover is the man under whose orders his relatives have been

massacred—Mr. Whiteside displayed a force of intense passion of which one had hardly suspected him up to that point. If the author could see his way to omit one or two speeches bodily, the performance would be all the better.

At the close of the run of "The Attack" at the London St. James's Theatre, Sir George Alexander will produce—probably early this month—a new comedy in four acts, by Alfred Sutro, entitled "The Two Virtues."

Music

A FANTASTIC FRENCH OPERA.

The latest novelty produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, Charpentier's "Julien," demonstrates that it is not always an advantage for a composer to write his own librettos. It was so to Wagner, and it was, perhaps, to Charpentier when he wrote his "Louise," that realistic picture of low life in Paris which brought him fame and fortune; but in the case of his latest work it has proved a decided handicap. The poem of "Julien" is the most extraordinary farrago of fantastic allegory and realism imaginable. A good "opera book" should tell at least the main outlines of the plot to the eyes of the spectators, but so far is this from being the case in "Julien" that even after a second reading of the libretto one feels in doubt as to its writer's intentions. There are some effective and imaginative lines, but as a whole the poem is obscure, chaotic, phantasmagorical.

Of Charpentier's "Louise" some admirable performances were given at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House in 1908, with a cast including Mary Garden, Bressler-Gianoli, Zeppilli, Trentini, Dalmores, and the late Charles Gilbert, who gave a most realistic and powerful impersonation of the laboring man whose daughter, Louise, elopes with the poet Julien. He throws his chair after her when, after an angry scene, she runs from the house and is lost in the wilds of Paris. "Julien" may be looked on as a sequel to "Louise" inasmuch as the poet and Louise again appear in it; but that, apart from a few bars of music, is the only connection between the two operas. The earlier one is a series of vivid pictures of Parisian life in street, home, and shop, realistic in its music as well as its spoken lines and its scenery; whereas "Julien" is a poet's dream, ending in an agonizing nightmare.

This new opera—if opera it may be called—consists of a prologue and four acts, with eight tableaux. In the prologue, Julien occupies, as winner of the Prix de Rome, a room in the Villa Medici with Louise, who, waking up, finds him asleep in an armchair. The four acts of the opera may be regarded as the presentation to the spectators of his dreams. This, at any rate, is the

case with the first act, which is filled with dream maidens, worshippers of beauty, and other fantastic creatures, the background revealing the Temple of Beauty on the Holy Mount. A change of scene shows the Dark Valley, from which arise the agonized voices of Hapless Poets. A third change takes us to the interior of the temple, in which Louise is seen as the incarnation of supreme beauty.

The second act takes the spectator to a picturesque valley in Hungary. Julien deplures the fate of the peasants, who chant their songs of labor. One of the girls—who has the face of Louise—invites him to remain, but he repulses her and passes on. The scene of the third act is on the coast of Brittany, near Julien's birthplace. His old grandmother tries in vain to win him back to religious belief. She, too, has the features of Louise. In the last act Louise appears again as a young woman—a woman of the streets. A noisy crowd indulges in merrymaking in front of the Moulin Rouge. The characters of the preceding scenes reappear in grotesque attire, transformed into beasts, Julien and Louise join them, singing the praises of bestiality. The mob wrecks the showman's movable theatre. A phantom vision of the Temple of Beauty is seen in the background; Julien curses it and sinks at the feet of his intoxicated companion.

Critical opinion is divided as to whether the whole opera or only the first act is to be considered a visualization of Julien's dreams. Those who believe the latter will find it difficult to explain how Louise, in the third act, can appear (except in a dream) as Julien's grandmother; and how will they account for the vision of the Temple in the last scene? However, it is hardly worth while to consider the question seriously. Opera librettos enjoy more than their share of poetic licenses, because the music is supposed to cover a multitude of sins. Unfortunately, in this case the music is almost as weak as the libretto. There are a few reminiscences from "Louise," and here and there one comes across diluted borrowings from Wagner and other composers. The best things by far in the score are excerpts from an early work by Charpentier, "La Vie du Poète," composed for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Though entitled a "symphonie-drama," it is not in the least dramatic, judging by the excerpts included in the opera. The fatal defect, indeed, of "Julien" is that it is not a music-drama, nor even an opera in the usual sense of the word, but rather an acted oratorio. While it has some splendidly effective choruses, there is little melody of a distinctive or alluring kind for the voices. No attempt is made, in the Hungarian act, to introduce local color in the music. There is much

beautiful orchestral tone-painting, which sometimes makes one forget the poverty of invention. Much of the music is dull and inflated. The final scene in Montmartre, though vulgar and noisy, is really the best in the opera, as it has at least the merits of sincerity and realism. In it one recognizes the real power of the genius who, in "Louise," so charmingly translated into music the diverse sounds of Parisian street life.

Although Geraldine Farrar and Caruso, the two most popular operatic artists in the world, headed the cast, "Julien" won surprisingly little applause at the Metropolitan. Inasmuch as it was not a success in Paris, where it was produced last June, and no other manager has cared to accept it, one wonders why it was staged here, especially in view of the fact that so many of the French masterworks are neglected at the Metropolitan Opera House, among them "Carmen," the operas of Massenet, and those of Saint-Saëns.

Siegfried Wagner has completed a new opera, entitled "Der Heidenkönig" ("The King of the Heathen").

Mr. Kalisch, the eminent London critic, endorses the suggestion made by Tobias Matthay, in his new book on "Musical Interpretation," that pupils should be started on modern music, and work backwards to Bach and others.

Arrigo Boito is at the head of a committee which has been formed with the purpose of making music obligatory in all the elementary and high schools of Italy.

"Agnete," an opera by Prof. Julius Röntgen, who was for years one of the most intimate friends of Grieg, has been produced with great success at Amsterdam. It has previously received the first prize offered by the Netherlands Operatic Association of The Hague.

Arnold Schoenberg wrote a long and flattering letter to the members of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, after they had played some of his music. In it he made some remarks about the orchestras of Germany, which will surprise those who think that in that country everything is as it should be:

I must tell you that on the Continent, as far as my knowledge goes, there are at the most only two orchestras which could be compared with you: the Amsterdam Orchestra and the Viennese Philharmonic. I must say that it was the first time since Gustav Mahler that I heard such music played again as a musician of culture demands. I presume that this letter will be published, and that is the reason I mention this fact, so that it should be taken note of by some of our German orchestras which have too much false pride to learn what is expected of them at the present time.

Putnam Griswold, the greatest operatic basso America has produced, died on February 26, following an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Griswold was born in 1876 in Minneapolis, but at an early age moved to Oakland, Cal., where he sang in churches and at concerts. In 1900 he went abroad to study, first at the Royal College of Music in London, and then in

Paris. Proceeding to Germany, he made his début in Frankfort, where Col. Savage heard him and engaged him for Gurnemanz in the English production of "Parsifal." After finishing his engagement with Savage, he went to Berlin, where he studied bel canto with Franz Emmerich and soon became the leading bass of the Royal Opera. This led to his engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he quickly became a favorite.

Art

In "Colonial Architecture for Those About to Build" (Lippincott), Messrs. Herbert C. Wise and H. Ferdinand Beidleman have made a welcome addition to the record of the architectural activities of the colonial period; for those who deal with this subject are usually tempted to concentrate their attention upon the developments in New England and the South, and to overlook the work done in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, to which the authors of the book before us limit themselves. No one who examines the illustrations in the book can fail to note that a special character was given to the work done in this region by the particular traditions of the settlers, although these were felt rather than clearly formulated. Certain of the buildings referred to have a dignity and charm which is surprising when one considers the lack of training of the designers, which was but one of many serious limitations under which they worked; but it must be confessed that a large proportion of them show too clearly the result of these limitations. As our authors well say (p. 204), "There are those who claim perfection for all things ancient, and disparage the new. Sentiment, did we let it, would weave a spell over the imagination and breathe a mist before the eyes." It is to be agreed that this sentiment is an important æsthetic element, and should be welcomed as such in our judgment of the beauty of any work of art. But there can be no surer obstacle to advance in architectural design and appreciation than the over-emphasis of this sentimental influence, which tends to blind us to crudities and actual ugliness. Such we find all too often in the work considered in this interesting historical survey. The historical matter given by the authors, indeed, adds much value to the book as a whole. It is very well printed and illustrated by no less than two hundred and seven excellent photographic reproductions.

In "Répertoire de l'art quaternaire" (Paris: Leroux) Salomon Reinach offers a most useful corpus of bone scratchings, cave paintings, and statuettes of the earliest periods. A brief survey of the discoveries in the field of Quaternary art shows a gradual accumulation of excavated objects, mostly incised bones, from the year 1834 to the present. The discoveries of cave paintings are of recent date, mostly after 1900, though as early as 1879 the little daughter of Saoutola noted the animal paintings on the

roof of the Altamira cavern. M. Reinach's repertory comprises something more than 1,500 outline illustrations arranged on 189 pages and illustrating perhaps 700 separate objects. M. Reinach estimates that as many more pieces may remain unpublished in the portfolios of the Abbé Breuil and other explorers. It was a good service to make this provisional collection of materials every year becoming more confusing. The arrangement is alphabetical by localities, but full indexes make it easy to consult the illustrations topically or by museums. The captions are sufficiently explanatory, and the whole work is conducted with that good sense and orderliness which one expects of the learned conservateur of the Museum of St. Germain. In running through the outlines we are most struck by the considerable variety of the work. In the cavern of Lortet we find a really splendid naturalism; in the Madeleine a flaccid sort of schematism; in Batuecas near Salamanca a rigid, fairly pictographic schematism. Altamira seems to represent a semi-conventional stage lying artistically between Lortet and Madeleine. Except for a few incidental cuts, M. Reinach has excluded the rock engravings of Scandinavia, North Africa, and the Rhodesian caves as of uncertain antiquity. We hope he may be moved some day to collect, if not a corpus, at least a representative anthology of designs which have so much in common with the art of the cave men.

Charles Calverley, the sculptor, who died on February 25, was born in Albany, N. Y., November 1, 1833, and came to New York in 1868. Mr. Calverley was known especially for portrait busts in bronze of Horace Greeley, John Brown, Peter Cooper, and Elias Howe. He was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design in 1872, and three years later was made a full academician. His best work is the bronze statue of Robert Burns in Washington Park, Albany.

Sir John Tenniel, who died in London last Thursday at the age of ninety-four, was the last survivor of the brilliant group of artists and humorists who contributed to build up the reputation of *Punch* in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He joined the staff as second cartoonist in 1851 on the retirement of "Dickey" Doyle, and succeeded John Leech as leading cartoonist on the latter's death in 1864. From that date until his retirement in 1901 he drew a cartoon for *Punch* regularly week by week except on about ten occasions. Two, at least, of his cartoons have become classics, that representing Britannia laying a wreath on the death-bed of Lincoln, and the famous "Dropping the Pilot," illustrating the resignation of Prince Bismarck in 1889. As the illustrator of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass" Tenniel is known to an even wider public than that which became familiar with his work in the pages of *Punch*. He also illustrated "Lalla Rookh" and "The Ingoldsby Legends." Sir John Tenniel was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and received his knighthood in 1893.

Albert Neuhuys, the Dutch painter, of the school which counted the brothers Maris, Israels, and Gabriel, who died recently in Switzerland, was born in Utrecht, June 10, 1844. He began the study of art with Gys Gravanger, a local teacher. After working in Utrecht for several years, he went to the Antwerp Academy of Art, and then to Amsterdam, where he took up the style for which he is best known, the painting of homely Dutch interiors and peasant families. He was a friend of Anton Mauve and Alma-Tadema.

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Balzac. Le Curé de Village. Ed. by Galpin. Oxford University Press. 75 cents net.
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Francke, Kuno. Deutsche und Amerikanische Ideale. Berlin: Koobs.
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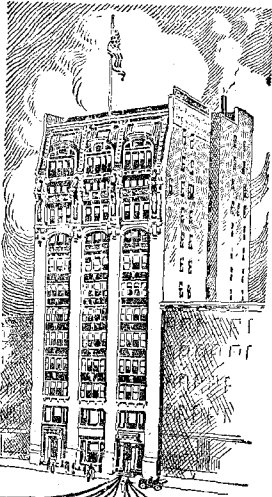
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